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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242

APRIL 1997

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KEMP**

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SPOILED BRAT?**

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THE WORLD'S
OLDEST
ERECTION
(P. 104)**

**DIRTY
FIGHTING
KILLER
TECHNIQUES
FROM OUR
MOST LETHAL
WARRIORS**

**ORAL SEX
SECRETS OF
GETTING AND
GIVING THE BEST**



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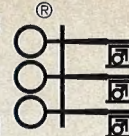
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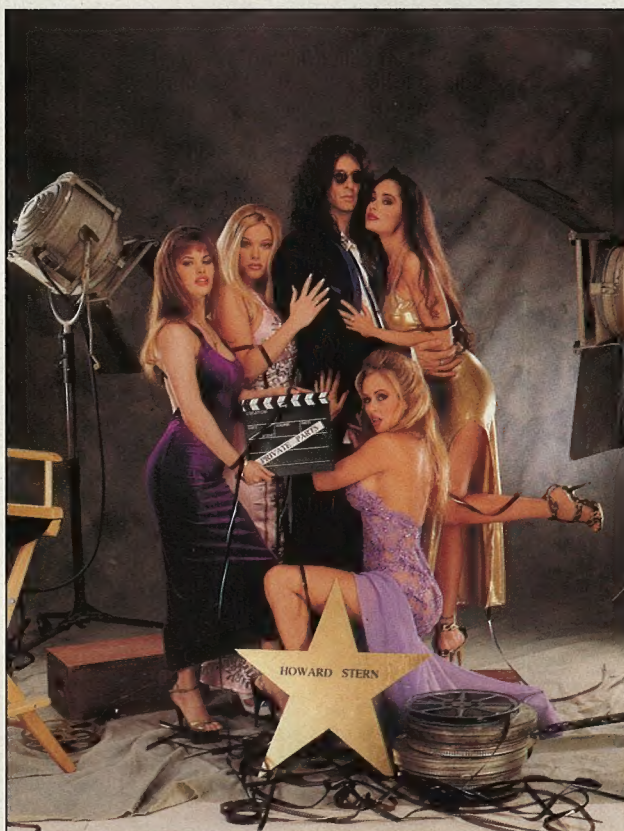
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Howard Stern, photographed by Warren Tang,
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Printed in the U.S.A.

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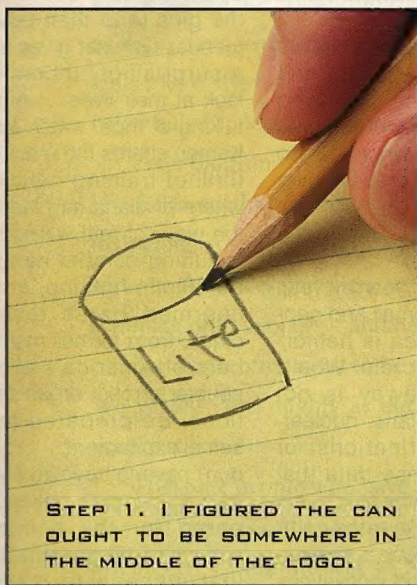
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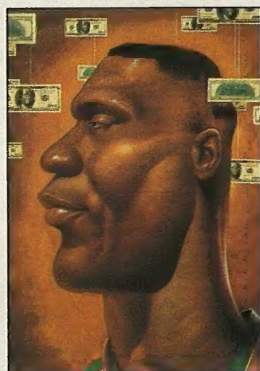
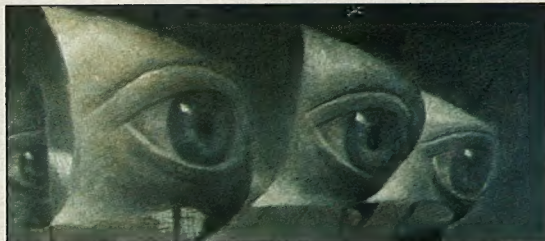
MILLER BREWING REMINDS YOU TO:
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK

Our first issue of spring unveils blossoming Pets, topless Parisian dancers, and Howard Stern's latest endeavor.



Private Parts

The self-proclaimed "King of All Media" graces our cover this month as he prepares to conquer Hollywood with his first movie, *Private Parts*, starring himself, Howard Stern. Based on his best-selling autobiography, it's guaranteed to be one of the top-grossing films (no pun intended) of the season. Howard tore himself away for a few minutes from the beautiful women posing with him to chat with Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein about the picture ("It's *Rocky*, but about broadcasting, not boxing") and about his plans for the future. After all the worlds he's already conquered—radio, TV, film, books—what's the one thing that would make Howard's life complete? He wants to be Bob Guccione. You won't want to miss our special June issue, when Stern goes behind the camera to direct page after page of sizzling pictorials conjured up from his own darkly mysterious sexual fantasies. Does he really think he's going to become the King of Erotica? Says Howard, "It's only a matter of time."



Hoop Dreams

An exquisite tragedy underlies the high-flying success of basketball superstar Shawn Kemp. At six feet ten and 245 pounds, 26-year-old Kemp offers an irresistible combination of talent, power, and killer quickness. He's a four-time all-star for the Seattle Supersonics, and ranks with Michael Jordan and Hakeem Olajuwon as one of the game's most talented performers. But Kemp also has a raucous side: yowling and chest-beating, the occasional crude grabbing of the crotch, living life in the fast lane. A hip-hop hooper, Kemp holds his future in his own hands. "A dunk is like a weapon," he says. "A gun. Bang! The fans respect power-house jams and slams. Depending on the situation, I'd rather miss a slam dunk than make a lay-up." Respected sports reporter and novelist Charley Rosen profiles



Kemp, who represents much of the youth and inexperience displayed by today's professional athletes, in whom all too often style prevails over substance.

Pirates

Day by day, year by year, in wounds small and gaping, America is hemorrhaging secrets. What's bleeding away is not weapons plans, nuclear-war specifications, or other defense data that the government closely guards, but rather our most precious assets—the ideas and innovations that have made the United States the most creative and technologically dynamic nation in the world. Biotech formulas, computer breakthroughs, appliance blueprints, innovations that collectively amount to *trillions* of dollars worth of American expertise, are being leaked to corporate competitors overseas. In this issue award-winning investigative journalists Ralph Blumenthal and Judith Miller reveal how other nations, realizing it's cheaper and faster to steal innovations than to

invent their own, have been able to get their hands on America's trade secrets and use them for their own gain.

Spring Break

On a lighter overseas note, our Unrepentant Voyeur, Ralph Gardner, Jr., takes us beneath the skin of the legendary Lido, the Parisian nightclub famous for its beautiful topless dancers and flamboyant costumes. Speaking with some of the girls (and their boyfriends), Gardner gives us a surprisingly intimate look at their lives.... And talking of trips, writer Jeff Kamen shares the macho thrill of training camps where civilians can learn the ways of real warriors, including combat handgun, knife-fighting, and unarmed battle technique, from former members of America's elite counterterrorist organizations. Be prepared for some excitement.... You don't have to travel to any training camp to get prepared for the annual springtime allergy attacks that manage to make hapless wrecks of so many of us. Turn to the advice that "Men's Health & Fitness" editor Bill Lawren has garnered from top scientists drawing on the latest advances in allergy prevention. It's nothing to sneeze at.... A very much nicer rite of spring is the arrival of our April Pets, whose side effects are most pleasant. These stunning beauties, their springtime smiles heralding the new season's arrival, will send your pollen count through the roof—we guarantee it. 

IN MEMORIAM



PETER GOLDSMITH
Senior Vice-President, General Media

Before all else, Peter Goldsmith was an English gentleman of the old school — the sort seldom encountered in these days when manners, poise, wit, and grace under pressure are in increasingly short supply. Quick with a joke, the first to buy a round, Peter was a suave, soft-spoken man possessed of an ineffable charm that never failed to leave an impression. He was universally well-liked, and with reason.

Peter Goldsmith's role in building this publication was absolutely essential. In the very early days, when few believed that *Penthouse* would survive, Peter's conviction of the certain success of this magazine was invincible. And he brought an experience and a professionalism to the magazine that helped to insure its survival. As a salesman there are few, if any, who were his equal. He did what was in front of him as the consummate professional — and he always did it with grace and flair. As a result, his success in life was assured.

But, as we often need to be reminded, our work is not our life, only the strategy we elect to lead our life. We valued Peter highly as our colleague, but we treasured him far more deeply as a mentor, and more deeply still as our friend.

There are people who have such an innate love of life, such an unquenchable verve, that no matter what they set out to do they go at it with no quarter, determined to give and to get the most of what life has to offer. Peter Goldsmith was such a man. Until the very day of his sudden and untimely death in January, he lived life large, gracefully, and well. He loved his beautiful wife, Sally, deeply and without reservation. Together, they had four children, who all grew well and strong, and with such cohesion as a family that his two sons worked closely with their father until the day of his passing. Peter lived to see his children become established adults, and to know grandchildren. And he managed it all with unfailing grace and charm.

Our lives, it seems to us, have meaning not in their length, but in what we make of them while we have them. If this is so, Peter Goldsmith, as a husband, father, grandfather, sportsman, professional, and good friend, certainly made the most of his. Without his work, support, and friendship this magazine might not have become a reality. But even had it not been so, our lives would still have been infinitely enriched by his friendship.

We will not see his like again, but then, having known Peter Goldsmith, that will not be necessary.

Bob Guccione and Kathy Keeton

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Healing the World

I would like to thank *Penthouse* for helping me with a personal problem. Many, many years ago when I was at school I was sexually abused by an older boy. For a long time I locked that memory away. But as I became an adult the memory slowly came back, making me sexually shy, em-



barrassed, and afraid of having a relationship or even a first grown-up sexual experience.

But reading your magazine over the years (especially the pictorials with the young couples), I've gradually broken down the barriers and defenses that I had put up all this time. Being a 35-year-old sexually inexperienced male has been a problem, especially

psychologically. Now at last I am looking forward to my first sexual contact. When it happens, at least I won't be as scared as I was. I'll still be shy, but the old memories probably won't upset me. Whenever I do have my first sexual experience, in the back of my mind I'll be saying thanks to *Penthouse*.—S. R., New Zealand

More Healing

In regard to "The Boys From Brazil" in your December 1996 issue, you may find it ironic that many church people are grateful there is a *Penthouse*, but that is exactly what I am hearing almost every day. The priests who are finally talking indicate there is a great deal of pus under the scab, and as a devout layman I would like to see it fully exposed, so that it might begin to heal. One thing we share is a disdain for hypocrisy—something that appears to be in abundant supply.—Via Internet, name and address withheld

Fed-up Fucker

This is a response—or reaction—to the letter "No Mercy" in the December 1996 issue. What a miserable cunt! No wonder this world is so fucked up—we live in hell.

I guess you could say that at one point in time I was a nice, sweet guy—or better yet, a naive idiot. Well, I can tell you

now, those days have passed—no more Mr. Nice Guy. Fuck 'em, fuck 'em all! Fuck 'em any which way you can, but don't ever fall for them. Don't ever beg or humiliate yourself again. Fuck flowers and all that bullshit.

Has anyone ever questioned why we men must bow down and kiss their asses and make fools of ourselves? What makes women so special? So far as I can see, a woman is nothing but a clump of flesh with the occasional extra added benefit of a brain. So why do we slaver like cowardly dogs waiting for some kind of treat? I wait for nothing and nobody. I am my own savior.

To the small-minded I'm of course nothing but a narcissistic, politically incorrect, sexist misogynist. But all is not black-and-white, and I'm well aware that most people can't even begin to conceive of nuance or of a world without trendy and convenient labels to put on everything that disagrees with our palate. If you must label me, call me "one fed-up motherfucker."

Anyway, what was it that started this?

Oh yeah, it was the cunt who wrote that letter (who I hope is reading this). It's women such as yourself who complain the most about how men are such insensitive, unfeeling assholes. Have you ever heard Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" or

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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Editor in Chief & Publisher

KATHY KEETON

President & C.O.O.

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(U.S. edition)

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APRIL

Mozart's *Requiem*? Do you know anything about Poe? Did you ever see the movie *Braveheart*? Have you ever seen a Michelangelo? Have you ever turned off your television? What the fuck do you know about men?

And I perceive another label coming my way. I'm gay, right? *Wrong!* I'm as straight as they come. (Though I'd like to make the point that I have nothing against gays—male or female. In fact I prefer bisexual women—but I guess that's typical of a "male chauvinist," isn't it?) Yet I will not grovel at your feet. Is that a prerequisite for being a heterosexual male? I think not. You—being the opposite sex—will meet me on equal ground or you can take a flying fuck. Either way, I could not care less, because if sex is all you have to offer, I can take care of that myself, much more effectively than you or anyone else ever could. (Masturbation has always been considered somehow unmanly. But is it more manly to have sex with a person you'd rather not, just because you're lonely? Think about it.)

If your panties and your crotch are all you have to offer, I feel sorry for you. And since I believe it better to reign in hell than serve in heaven, I found it rather offensive that you refer to your crotch as "the gates of hell." More befitting, I think, would be "the gates of boredom and slavery." Crotches come a dime a dozen, and so do ignorance and stupidity.

This may sound like a contribution to the gender wars. To the contrary, I hope it's a slap in its ugly face. I'm just sick of all the hypocritical bullshit thrown around these days. Will we ever learn? Unfortunately, I think the answer is no. "It's hatred, the only thing that lasts," said Charles Bukowski in *Barfly*. —*The Misfit From Hell, California*

THE TASTING

As a longtime reader I've enjoyed the letters in "Forum," even while doubting the truthfulness of some. While I have had a fairly active sex life, it's been fairly normal—until now. Now I have something to share with you.

I enjoy drinking good wines, and am a regular customer at a wine shop that conducts tastings at various local restaurants. There is one woman whom I've seen at a few of these and with whom I've had very casual conversations about a wine or two, but we'd never had any contact beyond those chats. She was attractive, but it was in spite of her efforts to hide it. She usually wore horn-rimmed glasses and little or no makeup. She always wore loose-fitting, almost baggy clothes, so it was difficult to get an idea of what her body was like. She seemed the classic wall-flower type. Luckily, I found out I was wrong about this—did I ever!

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Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

At one recent tasting I was at a table that featured some very good champagnes. This woman was also at the table, and we got into a conversation, first about champagne, then other, wide-ranging topics. She was much more animated than ever before, and I eventually told her so. "Champagne makes me feel bubbly," she said with a giggle. She leaned close and whispered in my ear, "It always makes me horny too." And then she gave me The Look. I smiled back, and poured more champagne for her. She grabbed my hand, and asked me to walk her to her car. Even though there were a few more wines I wanted to taste, there was something else I wanted to taste even more.

We were just a few steps outside the restaurant when she turned and grabbed my butt while kissing me. Her tongue began to explore my mouth, and I returned the wrestling tongue while cupping her ass, which I discovered was very nicely proportioned and properly firm. I was getting hard, and she started grinding her pussy against my erection. She broke the embrace and moaned, "Let's get to my car, *now*. I want to suck your cock." Who am I to argue with a lady?

We practically ran to her car, groping each other all the way. We scrambled

into the backseat, and she immediately opened my pants, pulled out my hard-as-titanium dick, and dove down onto it. She gave me the greatest cocksucking I have ever had, and I somehow managed to get the words out to tell her just that. She never missed a stroke while looking up at me and kind of smiling around my dick. She changed from licking up and down the length of it to putting just the helmeted head in her mouth, and sucking so hard her cheeks hollowed. She bobbed up and down on it, then stuck her tongue into the slit at the tip. She slowly swallowed the entire length, driving me absolutely crazy. I was getting close to popping, but I didn't want to stop this exquisite feeling just yet.

For a little breather I told her I wanted to see her body. She smiled, took her incredibly talented mouth off my dick, sat up, and slowly pulled her baggy sweater over her head. The most perfect pair of breasts I have ever seen emerged into view—large without being too big, about 36C, with absolutely perfect and very erect nipples, and no sag whatsoever. I told her, "Those are exactly what God had in mind when He decided to give women breasts." She took off her baggy slacks, and I discovered she wasn't wearing panties. A closely groomed bush framed pussy lips that

were glistening with wetness. She reached down, caressed her hard little clit, then licked her finger before saying, "Fuck me right now, but don't come yet—I want you to come in my mouth. I love swallowing a man's come."

So I obliged her by slowly sliding my cock into her pussy, and started the timeless in-and-out motions. She had marvelous control of her pussy muscles, milking my cock as I worked in and out of her. She was moaning and whipping her head from side to side, saying, "Oh God," and "Yeah, yeah. Fuck me good." It didn't take long for her to reach first one, then another orgasm, almost throwing me off her. I couldn't take it any longer, and told her I had to come. She quickly slid out from under me, pushed me over onto my back, and once more swallowed my dick, sucking as hard as she could. I groaned as I shot what I'm sure was the biggest load in my life, but she didn't lose a drop of it. With her eyes closed she swallowed like a baby with a bottle, then looked down at me and gave a contented sigh. I was so drained I could barely move. She giggled again and said, "By the way, my name's Kelly. What's yours?"

Then she asked if I wanted to spend the night with her. Well, my mother didn't raise a fool, so I quickly nodded yes. I suggested getting another bottle of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

GREAT MOMENTS IN

HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Not everyone shared Grandpa's glee in having once again captured first place at the regional Easter-egg eating contest.



In her hasty preparations for the Easter picnic, a very nearsighted Mrs. Goble unwittingly hard-boils and dyes her miniature Chihuahua Pedro.



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A family affair—the Team Green Academy trains the best and brightest American racing-car drivers to hit the circuit with full force.

SPORTS

The days of the posturing playboy racing-car driver are shifting down. In the brave new universe of motor racing new technology demands a driver whose undivided focus is on nuances like the endless subtleties of advanced racing engines and arcane chassis geometry. To that end Barry and Kim Green—the Indianapolis-based Australian brothers who guided Canadian prodigy Jacques Villeneuve to a second-place finish at the Indy 500 in 1994 and to a win there in 1995—are stockpiling superior driving talent for future seasons.

They're doing it through the Team Green Academy, the objective of which is to winnow down a class of 25 of the best and brightest American driving prospects to two outstanding survivors, who will be tendered five-year contracts with Team Green.

Applicants face two stints of rigorous on-track testing at the pedals of Citation SC99s (single-seat two-liter Fords set to run in Formula Ford 2000 trim) on the Las Vegas Motor Speedway's two-and-a-half-mile F.I.A.-approved road circuit, conducted by racing veteran Derek Daly's Speedworld Centre under the direction of Bob Earl.



AUTOS

What's the fastest-growing cable-television network in America? ESPN, you say? Not anymore.

Speedvision—a whole network tailored specially



for speed freaks—has ousted ESPN from the top spot in growth within its first two years of existence, swelling from one million subscribers to eight million last year,

and an estimated 14 million this year.

Speedvision president and C.E.O. Roger Werner wants to make the 24-hour network "the most

exciting place on the dial for people who love cars, boats, planes, and motorcycles." In short, anything that goes fast.

The network's programming is addictive to

anyone with speed in his soul. It includes the Formula One season; cable versions of *AutoWeek* and *Aviation Week*; drag-boats, superbike, and air races; personalities like Fangio; destinations like the Sturgis rally; and Saturday-night classic movies like *Two-Lane Blacktop* and *Grand Prix*.

You can find Speedvision on TCI, Cox, Continental, Comcast, Scripps-Howard, Marcus, Century, and Daniels, nationally on DirecTV and PrimeStar, and on C-band dishes at Satellite C-4 Transponder 11. So tune in, buckle up, and hang on for dear life. You're in for quite a ride.—Lesley Hazleton

CIGARS

A friend of a friend described a cigar named Red Lion as tasting "like it had been dipped in Tabasco sauce." No serious cigar smoker could resist such an enticement.

Red Lion is the brainchild of Robert Langsam, owner of Heaven, a cigar store in Naples, Florida. Langsam believed that "there was a void in the market for a really fat cigar of the highest quality. I thought that a 6 by 60 [64ths of an inch] would be a cigar with a presence, but still comfortable in your mouth."

The Red Lion delivered on its promise. Langsam has taken advantage of the large size to create a complex blend that is spicy like Tabasco, but not at all peppery or hard on the palate.

The draw, for such a dense cigar, is very easy. In fact it smokes well with one or two holes (carefully) punched in its head.



Despite limited availability and a \$15 price tag, demand has been huge.

Any cigar with its own presence in cyberspace (<http://www.cigar-heaven.com>) should be taken seriously, as should its warning: "Smoking these cigars could cause an addictive frenzy."

—Michael Craig

FILM

There is one night a year that film competes successfully with sports: Oscar night, when it is a sport, complete with trophies and halftime entertainment. Nineteen ninety-six saw a few of the usual suspects: Barbra Streisand and her shaygetz wet dream (*The Mirror Has Two Faces*), Tom Cruise trying to circumnavigate his jaw (*Jerry Maguire*), and Anthony Hopkins showing he can play not only repressed males but an arrogantly virile type (*Surviving Picasso*). It also brought a few surprises. *Penthouse's* nominations are:

Best Picture: *Fargo*, *Breaking the Waves*, *The Funeral*, *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, *Looking for Richard*.

Best Director: The directors of those movies,



plus *Welcome to the Dollhouse*.

Best Actor: Cuba Gooding, Jr. (*Jerry Maguire*), Geoffrey Rush (*Shine*), Al Pacino (*Looking for Richard*), Samuel L. Jackson (*A Time to Kill*), Michael Keaton (*Multiplicity*), the several male leads of *The Funeral*.

Best Actress: Kristin Scott Thomas (*The English Patient*), Helen Mirren and Fionnula Flan-

agan (*Some Mother's Son*), Frances MacDormand (*Fargo*), the women in *Secrets and Lies*.

Best Supporting Actor: Paul Scofield (*The Crucible*), Ving Rhames (*Striptease*), Quentin Tarantino (*From Dawn Till Dusk*), the men in *Fargo*.

Best Supporting Actress: Kate Winslett (*Hamlet*), Frances MacDormand (*Lone Star*), Bonnie Hunt (*Jerry Maguire*), the women in *The Funeral*.

Best Script: *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, *The Great White Hype*, *Fargo*, *Get on the Bus*, *I'm Not Rappaport*, *Mother Night*.

Best Sets: *Romeo and Juliet*.

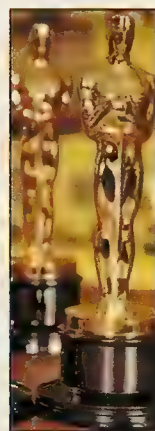
Best Costumes: *The Long Kiss Goodnight*, for the worst male clothing since Zero Mostel's in *The Producers*.

The Annual Jaye Davidson Award for Actor as Actress: Gene Hackman as a platinum blonde (*Birdcage*).

Best Claudette Colbert/Cary Grant Remake: *One Fine Day*.

Best Politics: Burt Reynolds in head-to-toe Vaseline at a Christian fundamentalist fund-raiser in *Striptease*.

Best One-liner: Ex-hubby brings his new (younger) babe to the bar mitzvah, and crony of ex-wife says, "What's that, the gift?" (*First Wives Club*).—Marcia Pally



The films of 1996 brought back some of the usual suspects, as well as some surprises. Here are our picks for the coveted Oscar.

SPIRITS

The popularity of such drinks as the Margarita, the Martini, and the Sea Breeze hasn't stopped creative bartenders and beverage managers from coming up with new combinations. Here's a sampling from some of the country's top establishments:

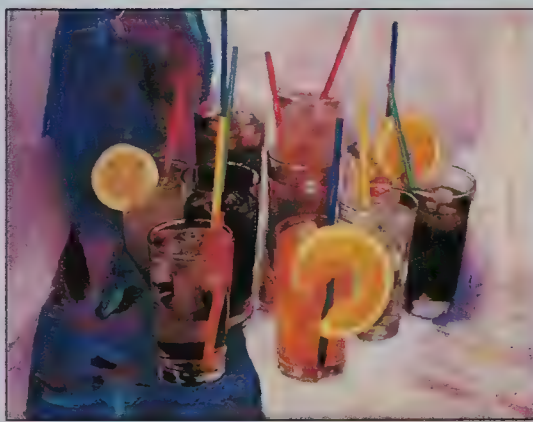
At Granita, in Los Angeles, the Oceanside Lemonade is a tall drink that combines Absolut Citron and lemonade, plus a dash of blue curacao. The Colony, served up at New York City's Rainbow Room, is vodka, Southern Comfort, and lime juice, shaken with ice. And at Chicago's Club Lucky, the Club

Lucky Mistico is made with the citrus-flavored José Cuervo Mistico and orange juice, plus a splash of cherry juice to create a sunset effect.

It's no surprise that rum is featured at Orlando's

Bahama Breeze. Their Ultimate Colada combines Captain Morgan Spiced Rum, fresh pineapple juice, coconut-cream liqueur, and strawberry purée, topped off with a layer of Myers's

dark rum. At Moose's, in San Francisco, the latest offering is the award-winning Glorioso, a layered drink that includes one of the six new flavors introduced by Stolichnaya. In a small wineglass pour amaretto, then Stoli vanilla, then Bailey's Irish Cream, and top off with heavy cream. The Snake Bite, served at Red Sage, in Washington, D.C., mixes Sauza Hornitos tequila and ginger beer. The Campari Spumante, featured at San Francisco's popular Rose Pistola, consists of Campari and shaved ice, well shaken, served in an individual cocktail shaker. —Alexis Bespaloff



XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

OFFICE PARTY

I am a 36-year-old male, married to the same woman for 14 years, and we have two beautiful children. My wife is eight years my senior and has been married twice before. We met where we work; at that time she was married to her second husband and having an affair with a co-worker. The affair, it turned out, was her second with a co-worker until she and I met, and that made it three. Unlike the other two fellows, I fell in love with her. Not long after, she and her husband divorced, and not long after that she and I moved in together. We married about two years later.

I harbored no illusion that she would be faithful until the end. Alas, life is not a fairy tale. And it became harder and harder to make her happy. Our sex life, which had been dynamic before we married, began to change. In the meantime we had two children.

What she hadn't counted on was the effect that bearing children would have on her body. It was no secret to me that she adored attention from the opposite sex; hell, that's how we met. But a woman's getting pregnant and then trying to lose the weight afterward can have an adverse effect on girl-watchers. After our first child my wife struggled with regaining her figure. After the second she applied herself with a vengeance. I was foolish



enough to believe that all this hard work was for me as well as for herself. What's more, her body reacted somewhat differently from most women's in that her breasts became smaller after each child. They didn't sag, they shrank. Long after she regained the rest of her figure, her breasts remained undersized. This was distressing to her, and though she never came out and said so, her habits changed. She no longer liked to see herself in the mirror; she began stuffing her bra just to make her clothes fit.

Before long I brought up the subject of augmentation. I thought it would send her through the roof; instead she was thrilled. Money was tight, so I sold off my most precious possession, a hot rod I had rebuilt myself. She had her breasts enlarged, and suddenly she was a perfect size eight, with great 36C breasts. She became a stunning beauty.

Then things started to change. She'd come home speaking of men she'd seen during the day at work, and how they had complimented

her. Often she would mention them by name. One name, Jim, kept coming up more and more often. He and I had been good friends when we worked the same shift, but now my wife and Jim worked days and I worked nights. More and more my wife would start conversations with "Jim

said" or "Jim thinks."

I'm a fool for lingerie. My wife has drawerfuls of it, but never seemed to share my enthusiasm for having her wear it. Most often she would try these underthings on at my request, then relegate them to the back of the dresser drawer.

I would come home from work and go to bed about the time that she was getting up, or a little before. One morning before her alarm went off I was changing for bed and noticed in the hamper a piece of lingerie under the clothes she had worn the previous day. I picked it up and held it to my face, breathing in deeply the musky smell of her scent. I thought she was finally beginning to loosen up, to acknowledge her sexuality. Just then her alarm went off, and I shoved the thing back where I had found it. Later I noticed the clothes she'd laid out for the day. Beside the basic blue suit was a lacy push-up bra, garter belt, and sheer black stockings, along with a pair of four-inch navy pumps. I was amazed, then confused. For

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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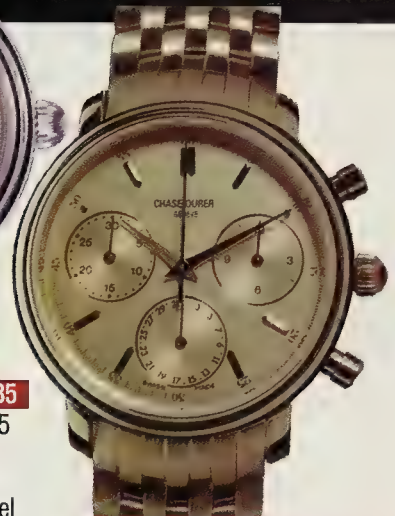
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Now it's our turn.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



WHAT A BLAST!

By Jeff Kamen

In an instant rapid-fire explosions from more than two dozen weapons shred the darkness. The eerie light of muzzle flashes reveals a team of grim-faced men raining fire on their targets. Suddenly a signal is given, and it's dark again. And silent. As a cloud of sticky-sweet gunsmoke lifts lazily into the California night sky, the shooters' commander



cries out: "Is there anyone here who does not have a hard-on?"

Welcome to Delta/SEAL training camp, in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, where the shooters are actually civilians who've come to learn some of the ways of real warriors, including combat-handgun, knife-fighting, and unarmed battle technique from former members of the U.S. Army's Delta Force and the Navy's SEAL Team Six—America's elite military counterterrorist organizations.

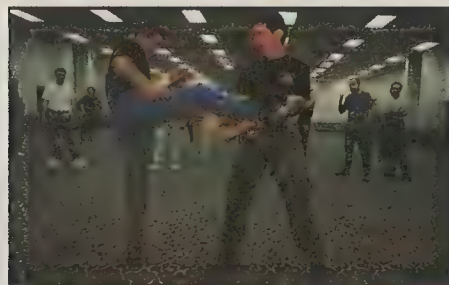
And have a heck of a good time doing it. In fact you can think of this as a kind of fantasy boot camp for elite warriors—but without the forced marches.

The campers have paid dearly for their education, \$3,750 for four days, including lunch and all you can shoot. The primary draw is the dual presence of famed martial artist Frank Cucci, recently of SEAL Team Six, and Tommy Carter, formerly of the equally hot counterterrorist unit Detachment Delta. I'm here for *Penthouse* at the invitation of Threat Response Solutions, Inc., the sponsor of the camp and a mail-order marketer of macho, including martial-arts instruction tapes. T.R.S. is hoping for some positive publicity for this venture, but I'm frankly a little apprehensive about being around 30 amateur gunslingers and wannabe commandos.

My first encounter with fellow campers following registration at the Holiday Inn does little to allay my fears. These boys are packing enough firepower to stage an independence movement in a small Caribbean nation. We're looking at an impressive collection of mostly 9mm pistols—Browning Hi-Powers, Glocks, Colts, Berettas, H&Ks, and even a couple of Sig Sauers.

Who are these guys? A few say they've come to enhance future careers in law enforcement or security; others, like David, a senior executive from a Fortune 500 company, whose family has received death threats from disgruntled former employees, are here to learn self-defense from the best in the business. Ken, a six-foot-three ex-Marine with long blond hair and a Harley-Davidson jacket, is just wondering whether the course will be worth the money. His 18-wheeler is parked out back. "It's costin' me a lot just to be not drivin' now," he says.

We all drink too much and stay up too late.

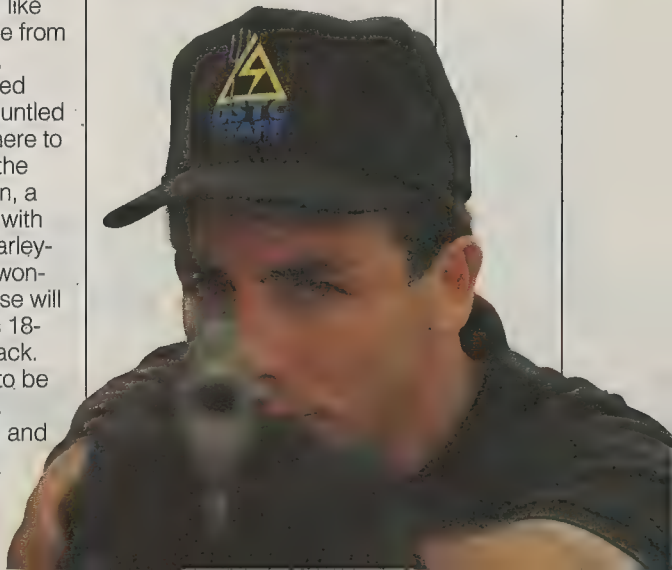


I TAKE A BEATING

Day one, 0600 hours. It's way too early to be getting the living shit kicked out of me. But this is the way we do martial arts here; it's the first of twice-a-day hand-to-hand-combat training sessions.

The class had started off innocently enough with all of us being asked to pick sparring partners. I cleverly grabbed the littlest guy I could find, and together we've been practicing a kicking move under the guidance of Frank Cucci himself. It is a special front kick that is quicker and more devastating than any I've previously seen. If you've got a karate background, this will make immediate sense to you: Instead of chambering the kick (effectively, cocking your leg before lashing out), you violently swing your back leg into your opponent. Strong stuff.

The kicker: My week-end as a would-be commando begins with some in-your-face training.



VIEW FROM THE TOP



See Spot
run, see
Spot
jump, see
Spot
kill.... K9
expert
Bob Taylor
shows
off a
prized
pooch.

But apparently I'm not doing it right. Cucci asks me to demonstrate what I've learned. I oblige, giving my diminutive partner, who's wearing safety pads, a kick that by all rights should send him sprawling.

"Give Jeff the pads," Cucci tells my partner, who is thoroughly unsprawled. The little guy rips off the karate armor and hands it to me.

Cucci's kick comes fast and hard, bringing back the time I was rear-ended by a truck.

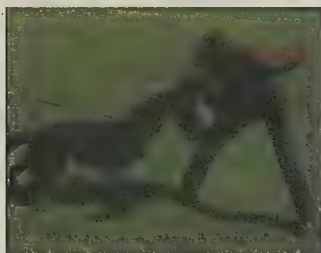
"You got the form now?" he asks.

MY OWN COLT

0800 hours. We huddle up to hear a powerfully worded lecture on safety and on the consequences of not being safe. "We all want to come home from this," says the instructor.

Amen to that.

I'd been the only one to arrive at camp unarmed. But now I've got my piece too: a customized Colt .45 from Spokane gunsmith extraordinaire and former bounty hunter Mark Morris. The Colt M1911A1 is a \$2,000 work of art that gleams from its barrel to the bottom of its meticulously worked handgrip. (Such are the perks of being a *Penthouse* reporter.)



"A GOOD KNIFE MAN..."

1700 hours. We are just getting back to the Holiday Inn from the gun range, where we spent the afternoon doing seemingly endless drills loading and unloading our weapons, fixing jammed guns, and doing hundreds of dry-fire (unloaded-gun) exercises, and, finally, firing dozens and dozens of live rounds at paper and metal targets. My ears hurt, my fingers are moaning, and my brain is in rebellion at the sameness of the weapons drill.

Cucci is looking just as fresh as he did this morning. He leads us through warm-up calisthenics. And then, as his guys hand out rubber knives, he says, "A good knife man is almost impossible to stop."

For an hour and a half we

watch Frank, and mimic his moves as best we can, making large and then small downward circles in the air with the training knife.

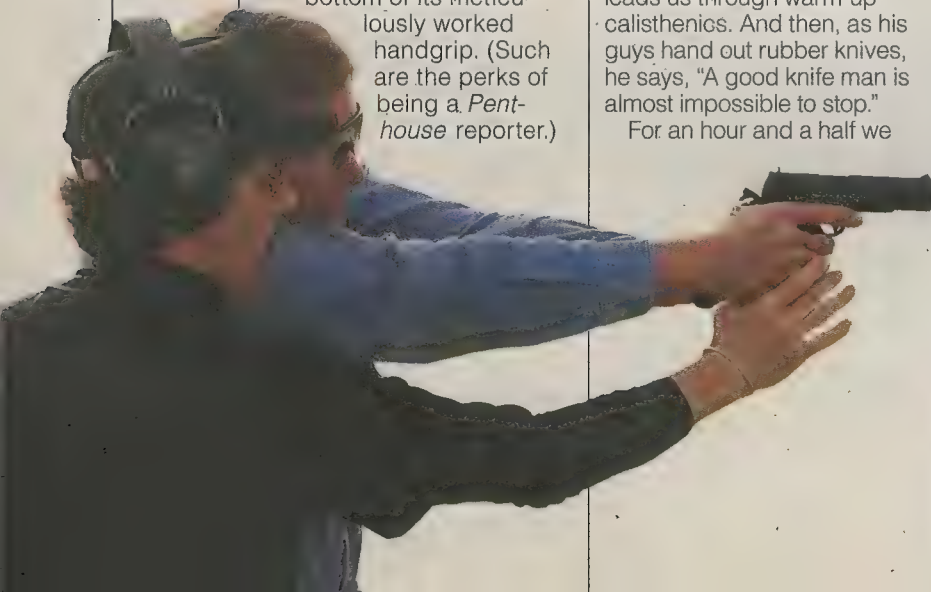
"Face. Arm. Thigh. Heart," says Frank, ticking off the target areas for each thrust and slash.

SOCIETY'S DECAY?

Day 2. More martial arts. More shooting. Lots of bland food. We are getting fighting fit. At least we're better shots. Lots better. Amazingly better.

Last night we should have conked out early, but all the shooting and simulated killing and just plain cool warrior stuff had everyone jazzed. We stayed up too late again, drank a few too many beers, and talked. Amid the discussion of weapons and warfare a couple of guys allowed as how they were "worried about society falling apart." They said they want to be prepared to defend themselves and their families "if the worst happens."

Ring! went the alarm in my head. How far would these guys go? I tried to picture some of them as militiamen, dressed in fatigues, holding off the Feds. But it didn't fit. The conversation at the bar had too easily shifted away from politics and back to the camp activities that everyone seemed much more interested in. Then today, during a break in the action, I have a conversation with Bob Taylor, the guy responsible for screening applicants. "We wanted to make sure no militia members, Ku Klux Klansmen, neo-Nazis, psychos, or felons looking to sharpen their skills wound up taking the course," he says. He tells me he excluded a few applicants who balked at being subjected to a criminal-records check. I'll sleep better tonight.



Why we're here: to become men capable of defending ourselves and our loved ones, should the need arise

THE TASTE OF FEAR
Day 3, 0700 hours. The schedule, which is programmed about as tightly as a Top-40 radio show, says it is "Run and Gun" time. I am getting that flinty nervous taste in my mouth that usually comes with fear. Am I ready to run, jump, roll, and fire the .45 reliably, accurately?

"Load your weapons and make them safe! No mistakes! If you shoot me, I will be truly pissed!" roars Bunky, another former Delta trooper, who, along with the five other assistant trainers, is closely monitoring every move we make. We line up silently in front of Cucci. One at a time each of us will be ordered to drop down and pump out 15 push-ups to get blood and adrenaline flowing, and then we'll run hard and fast down the hill to the first station.

The guy before me—mid-

twenties, strong, and a lifelong handgun enthusiast—comes out of his push-up position, and imitates Olympian Michael Johnson's straight-up sprinting style. Ten paces out he slips on the grass and falls on his left side. His double-action Glock flies out of its holster and skids to a halt. Glocks have a nasty reputation for discharging in just that kind of situation. For a moment, no one breathes.

Then Cucci is shouting: "Retrieve your weapon! Get back on the course!"

The camper quickly recovers from his spill. He does okay on the range. Now it's my turn.

I have completed six marathon races, including two 47-mile ultras; I am in great cardiovascular shape. So why is my heart pounding as I do the 15 push-ups?

As I make it down the hill to the first set of targets, I'm greeted by a trainer furiously shouting, "Dive, Jeff."

I throw myself onto the gravel and dirt next to the trainer, rolling behind a log. I bring the front sight of the .45 to bear on the first of three man-sized steel targets 25 yards away.

"Boom! Boom!" roars the .45.

"Clink! Clink!" responds the target. I take a second to admire my work.

"Roll, goddamit, Jeff, roll!"

With the weapon gripped firmly over my head, as I've been taught, I roll again to the other side of the log. Still on

my gut, I bring the front sight to the next targets and double-tap them too. I roll hard and fast back to the first position and take out the remaining two steel targets. Yes!

"Move! Move!" the trainer screams into my face.

And so it goes. I finish up and take a well-deserved rest.

FRED TAKES A BULLET
1100 hours. Fred, one of the campers, is shot. I didn't see it happen, but I heard the commotion. Shot himself in the ass. Fortunately, it's a clean shot that went straight through his butt cheek. Tommy Carter



rushes Fred to the nearest E.R., where the small 9mm in-and-out wound is cleaned and bandaged. In less than an hour Fred and Tommy are back.

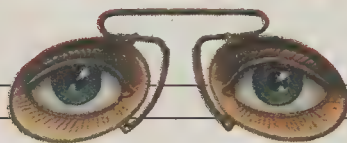
Pistol-smith Mark Morris is angry. "You can never get sloppy around a gun," he shouts at Fred. Then he stalks away.

FINAL EXAMS
Day 4, 0700 hours. For the past three days we have seen but not been allowed to enter the Kill House, which is a box-shaped structure made of

Oh shoot: Before a single weapon is fired, we practice loading and unloading till our fingers ache.



VIEW FROM THE TOP



We aim to please: After four days of expert tutelage, we've become amazingly good shots.



cinderblock. Everything has led to this final test of all the newly acquired muscle memory that Frank Cucci and Tommy Carter have been working to instill in us.

The Kill House scenario is simple: You've returned home to find a strange car in your driveway. Your door has been kicked in. Your family is inside, and God knows what is happening to them. You retrieve a pistol from your car. Now you must go in.

When it's my turn, Cucci and Carter order me to load the .45 and take the safety off. They are right behind me. "You gotta go through it. Do it NOW!" Cucci orders.

I kick the door open. Boom! A controlled explosion fills the corridor with intense light, blinding me. A siren goes off next to my head. I drop into a crouch and immediately open fire, double-tapping the picture of the guy with the Uzi pointed straight at me that has emerged from the smoke.

"Room clear!" Carter shouts, as Cucci fires his weapon near my feet, adding to the disorientation of the exercise. I am so pumped at this point that when I see the next picture of a guy with something in his hand, I front-sight the bastard and start to squeeze the trigger. But in the milliseconds it takes for my brain to fully process the identity of the target I realize this guy is a friendly. He's holding

a camera, not a gun! In a crucial instant I jerk the weapon high and left, missing the target entirely.

"Don't shoot us, Jeff!" Carter commands, and there is zero humor in his voice.

I hit the ground and take stock of the situation.

"Room is clear! Room is clear!" shout the instructors, and I move forward, the .45 in the prescribed two-handed grip.

And so it goes as I work my way from room to room, through more explosions and bursts of intense light, popping guys with Uzis, guys with knives, pistols, and more. Suddenly it's over, and as the adrenaline rush subsides I feel that something of profound importance has happened to me. A genuine change. I am not alone in this.

David, the corporate executive with reason to fear for his family's safety, is next into the Kill House. When he comes out, he is looking very happy—maybe even transformed. He tells me about "killing" a "kidnapper" inside who'd been holding a knife up to a little boy. "I paused, took careful aim, and shot him right between the eyes," says Dave. "Then the instructor said, 'You hesitated; you didn't want to take the shot!' 'Yes,' I said, 'but I did, and I got the sonovabitch, sir!'"

And that's what it's all about. Becoming a man capable of defending himself and his

loved ones—with accurate, deadly force, should the situation demand it—instead of relying totally on outside help. I hope that none of us will ever have to use this training, but it feels very reassuring to know that if it ever comes down to it, we can and will.

GET FIGHTING FIT

Delta/SEAL training camp didn't survive a business split between Carter and Cucci, but if you want to hone your fighting skills, call T.R.S. for their instructional video: (800) 899-8153. Also, check out:

- **North Coast Pistol Academy.** This Oregon school, run by Greg Walker, teaches the whole spectrum of armed and unarmed combat skills. (503) 338-6252.

- **Defense Training International.** Owners John and Vicki Farnam are among the top pistol trainers in the U.S., according to Walker. Contact them by mail only: P.O. Box 917, LaPorte, Col. 80535.

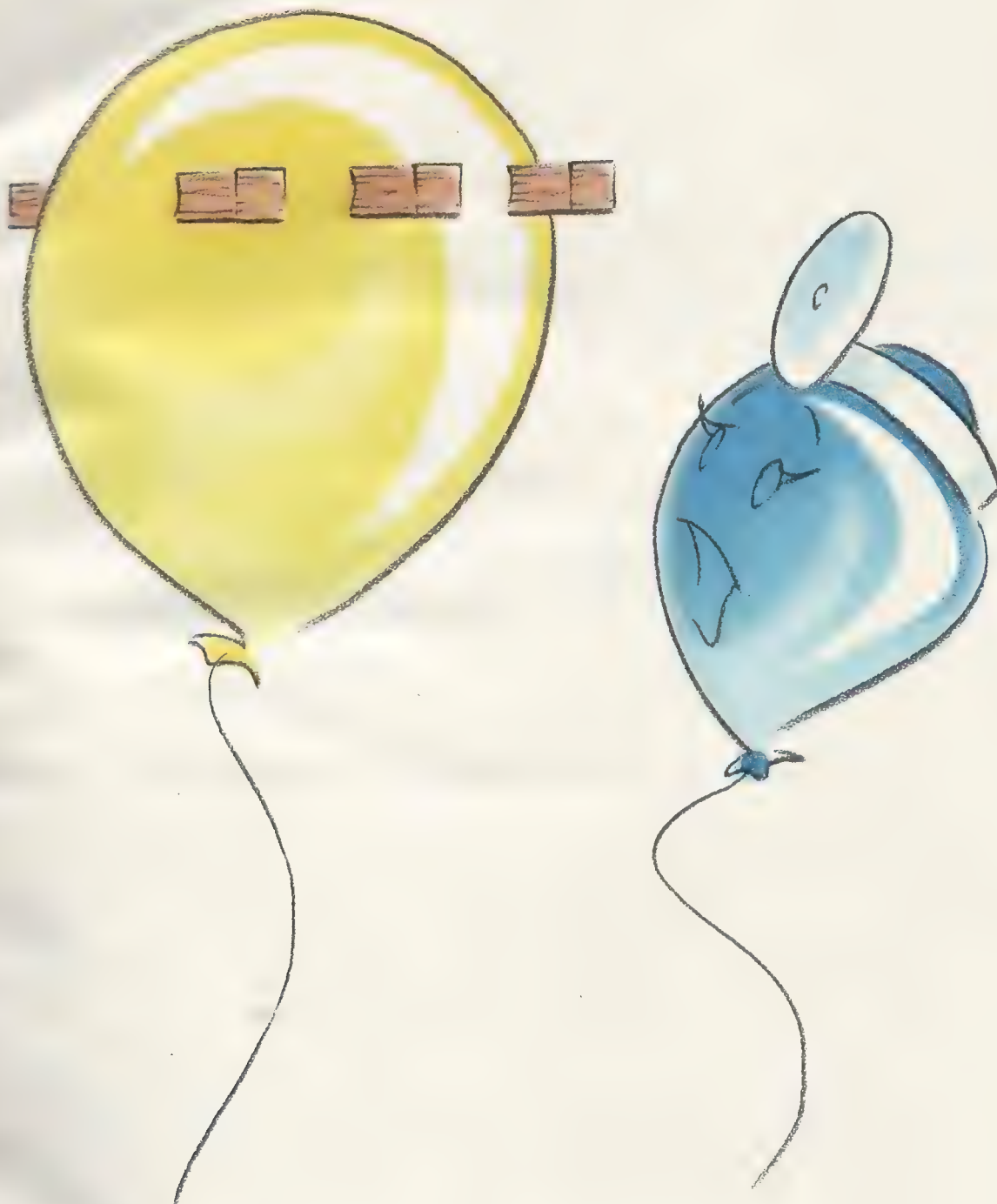
- **Thunder Ranch.** Learn all phases of firearms tactics, including shotgun, rifle, and pistol, at this premier Texas outfit. (210) 640-3138

- **Roundeye Knife and Tool.** Learn from Idaho's Bob Taylor, who created the famed Warrior Knife. (208) 265-8858

- **A Place to Shoot.** This North Carolina school is your best bet on the East Coast. (910) 497-7050

Ballheartbeats®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Until we get the lab tests back, stay the hell away from Santa Fe!"

ARTICLE BY RALPH BLUMENTHAL AND JUDIT



21st Century Pirates

■ Rivals across the seas find it cheaper and faster to steal American innovations than to invent their own. After losing trillions of dollars and more than a million jobs, it's time we started fighting back.

Day by day, year by year, in wounds small and gaping, America is hemorrhaging secrets. What is bleeding away are not weapons plans, nuclear-warhead specifications, or other defense secrets that the government closely guards. This draining lifeblood has no classified stamp, and its protection has been given little importance. Yet what is being lost are our most precious assets, the ideas and innovations that have made the United States the most creative and dynamic nation in the world—treasures known as “intellectual property.”

What are they? Almost everything, it turns out: biotech formulas, computer breakthroughs, appliance blueprints—innovations that collectively amount to trillions of dollars worth of American expertise. And where are they leaking? To corporate competitors overseas. To America's economic rivals—including our political allies.

For many years, but particularly since the end of the Cold War, when freed-up espionage networks were looking for new tasks, America's trade secrets have been coveted by its friends and foes alike, eager to steal in a moment what would take years, if even then, to develop at home. Other nations, of course, have their own secrets, which American industrial spies are not above stealing.

But because it spends more on basic and applied research, America generates the vast majority of the world's intellectual property, perhaps 80 percent, experts say. So by and large, America is on the losing end of the balance.

Annual losses to the U.S. economy have been called catastrophic, ranging as high as \$100 billion, according to a recent study by the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy. And economic theft has cost America more than a million jobs, according to the F.B.I. Moreover, government and private experts agree that it has sapped vital American industries and thus America's economic competitiveness in fields that American corporations once dominated, from aerospace to electronics, computers, consumer appliances, and autos.

“World War III is on, and we're losing it,” says James P. Chandler, director of the National Property Law Institute in Washington, D.C., and a leading expert on intellectual property.

Victimized companies have long been shy about confessing their losses, even though court dockets are full of criminal and civil cases underscoring the problem. In one dramatic instance last November, Kodak revealed a bold sting operation that, it asserted, nailed a former high-level executive in the

process of stealing the company's secret technology on behalf of China and other foreign clients.

The trouble at Kodak was not an isolated example. Government files are bulging with testimony and cases that have largely escaped public attention:

- In 1994 an employee of Ellery Systems, Inc., a small Colorado-based software company, allegedly stole and, for \$550,000, sold computer software codes to China, where the intention was to set up a rival company to compete with Ellery. Though the employee and several co-conspirators confessed to having taken and sold the codes, no case was ever brought. There was no law under which they could be prosecuted, according to Senate testimony last year by Ellery founder and C.E.O. Geoffrey Shaw. Weakened by the betrayal, Ellery, which employed 25 people in Boulder, subsequently went out of business.

- Between 1986 and 1990 Ronald Hoffman, a rocket scientist and lead researcher for the Los Angeles-based Science Applications International Corporation sold S.A.I.C.-developed computer codes, restricted for export, to Toshiba, Mitsubishi Electric, Nissan Motor Company, and Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industry. The technology, which was supposed to be used in secret U.S. Air Force projects, also had commercial applications available in no other country. The theft enabled foreign space-technology companies to gain what the F.B.I. called “a significant competitive advantage” over their American competitors. In 1992 Hoffman was convicted of selling the technology and sentenced to 30 months in prison.

- In 1990 a research scientist for the pharmaceutical giants Merck and Schering-Plough, and the owner of a research lab, were arrested by an F.B.I. undercover agent to whom they had just sold, for \$1.5 million, the patented fermentation process for the drug Ivermectin. A future sale of information on the lucrative cancer-fighting drug Interferon for \$10 million was also being planned. These proprietary processes had cost the companies \$750 million to develop. The scientist, Bernard A. Mayles, and the lab owner, Mario B. Miscio, were each convicted of 12 counts of wire and mail fraud and interstate transportation of stolen property. Mayles is serving a nine-year sentence. Miscio, sentenced to five years, died of cancer before entering prison.

- In yet another case, Raymond Damadian, founder of the Long Island-based Fonar Corporation and inventor of the M.R.I. body-scanning machine, claimed America had lost its dominance in this now multibillion-dollar market partly owing to theft and lax enforcement of the patent for which he



"My sense of fair play demands that I get even."



"A mime is a terrible thing to waste...."



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



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filed in 1972. Only two of the eight companies making M.R.I. machines today are American. In testimony before the U.S. Senate, Damadian cited repeated instances in which Fonar ideas and concepts had been stolen, for which no one could be prosecuted. In one instance a trusted Fonar service engineer who had access to company trade secrets, and had signed an agreement not to work for a competitor for two years after leaving Fonar, ignored his contract and went to work for Toshiba. Upon filing a civil suit against him Fonar learned that Toshiba had agreed to pay all his legal costs in any suit Fonar might file, and indemnify him for any verdict against him.

It was cases like this, and many others yet to become public, that finally persuaded a reluctant Administration and Congress late last year to pass a revolutionary measure aimed at protecting American ideas and innovations. But it wasn't easy. And experts say that the new law alone won't solve the problem. What took so long?

"Intellectual property rights" is hardly a rallying cry that stirs the blood. But the vital importance of just such intangibles was recognized by the Founding Fathers, who, long before the technological revolution of the nineteenth and

twentieth centuries, enshrined such rights in the Constitution. Article I says Congress "shall have the power to promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries." Girded with these protections of patent and copyright, American entrepreneurs went on to conquer the economic world. But in the decades after World War II rivals across the seas discovered it was cheaper and faster to steal American innovations than to come up with their own. As foreign economic spies grew bolder and the losses at home mushroomed, U.S. industries and government preferred to downplay the problem. Skittish corporations, inherently reluctant to involve the federal government in their internal security, further feared to alienate global partners and stockholders. Fearful too were blinkered administrations of both parties, advised by the State Department that to confront foes, let alone allies, with the evidence of such treachery would only complicate the nation's foreign policy. But one man noticed.

James Chandler, a Pentagon computer pioneer and consultant for top U.S. agencies who has held high security clearances, for three decades now has led an often lonely campaign to awaken

a parade of administrations to the dangers of idea espionage. Chandler practices patent law, and from that same office on H Street in Washington runs his National Intellectual Property Law Institute, which advises the federal government and dozens of important American companies about how to protect ideas and innovations. Fans and critics alike agree that without Chandler's tireless efforts there might never have been a federal statute protecting American ingenuity. "The new law does not address all the vulnerabilities," he told us in an interview, "but it is a start."

The son of a black California preacher and farmer, Jim Chandler has a devotion to America and its potential found in many self-made men. He was the first in his family to go to college: the University of California at Berkeley and Davis, followed by Harvard Law School. From childhood on he loved to read "tons and tons of books, mainly history."

While at college in the early sixties he was recruited by the Air Force Logistics Command, which was experimenting with the then young science of computer technology. "The first computer we worked with was five times this size," he said with a gesture taking in his entire conference room. He and his associates devised early computer languages, all highly classified at the time; he smiled, recalling how he contrived to maneuver his wife through security to keep him company while he toiled endless nights and weekends over esoteric problems. "I was so energized, I couldn't sleep," said Chandler, a large man who speaks in the resonant baritone of a church elder. "The intellectual discipline was so profound that everything else paled."

Best of all, he said, he and his colleagues sensed that they were in the forefront of a breathtaking revolution. When his project was finished "we felt we had done it—we had 100 percent of the global market."

These were secrets worth protecting, Chandler felt sure. "I knew that if anyone discovered what we knew, they would want it." Sure enough, "as the decades rolled on, you could watch the technology slipping away." As of 1985 IBM still controlled 80 percent of the world's computer technology. "A decade later," he said, "it was marginal."

Chandler saw this pattern repeating again and again. One by one, America's dominance in major economic sectors—steel, automobiles, textiles, even arms—was being undermined by foreign challengers who spent little money or time on basic or applied research. Higher U.S. labor costs and raw-materials prices accounted for some of the slippage of course, but Chandler felt certain there was more to the problem. After talking with dozens of companies



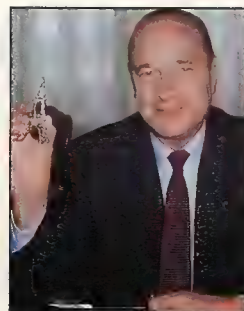
"I saw the whole thing, officer."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR GEORGE STEINBRENNER GODD SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD TO ...

... the father of a New Mexico high-school football player who sharpened a buckle on his son's helmet to a knife edge before a big game. During the game five opponents were cut (one needed 12 stitches). The father later said he did what he did because referees had failed to protect his son from being roughed up by opposing players in a previous game.



AND NOW, A HANDY DOMESTIC TIP

The wife of French President Jacques Chirac revealed that in order to get her husband's undivided attention she discusses important matters in the morning while he's in the bathroom.

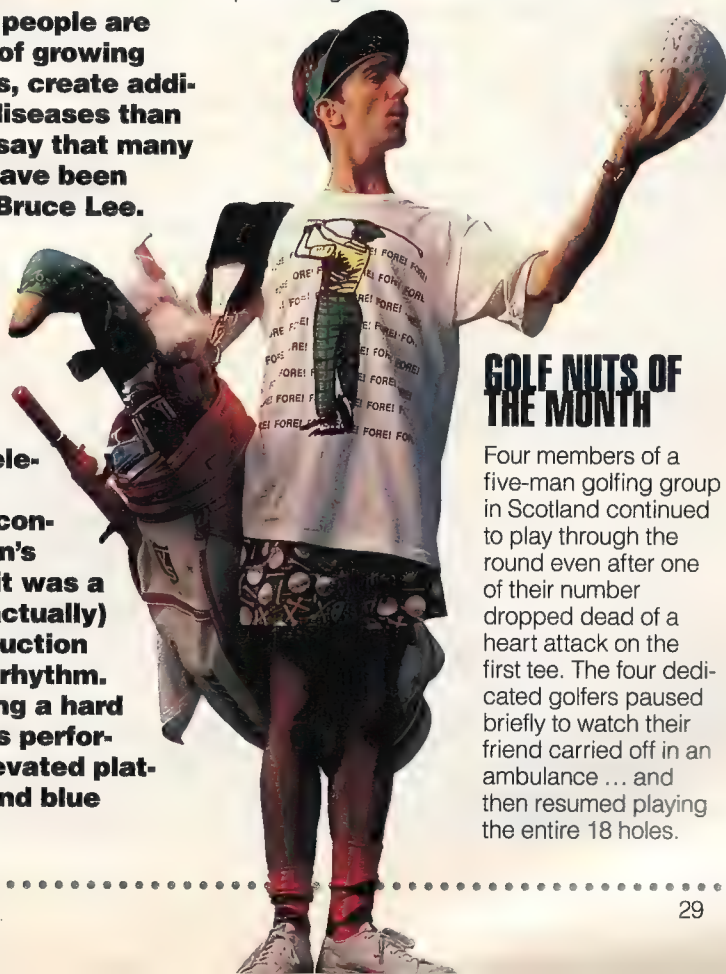
YOU WANT TO BREAK THE NEWS TO SHAQUILLE?

According to the World Future Society, tall people are "ecologically unsound" because, in a time of growing scarcity, they consume too many resources, create additional pollution, and are affected by more diseases than short people. The organization went on to say that many of the world's most accomplished people have been short. Examples? Well, Jack LaLanne and Bruce Lee.



WORST NEW MUSICAL IDEA

Conductor Daniel Barenboim, in a public ceremony advertised as a celebration of urban revival in Berlin, "conducted" Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (it was a taped recording, actually) while giant construction cranes swayed in rhythm. Barenboim, wearing a hard hat, carried out his performance from an elevated platform waving red and blue signaling flags.



GOLF NUTS OF THE MONTH

Four members of a five-man golfing group in Scotland continued to play through the round even after one of their number dropped dead of a heart attack on the first tee. The four dedicated golfers paused briefly to watch their friend carried off in an ambulance ... and then resumed playing the entire 18 holes.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR NATION'S VIGILANT EDUCATORS AT WORK

School officials in Columbia, South Carolina, having announced strong policies against weapons in classrooms, suspended an 11-year-old girl and had her arrested after discovering she had a kitchen knife in her lunch box with which to cut up the chicken she brought for lunch. Despite public criticism over the action, the officials held tight to the charge that the girl had brought a "weapon" to school.



"I say, 'It's a terrible film and I'm awful in it,' and they take me at my word."

British actor Hugh Grant, on the mores of Hollywood

PULITZER SURPRISE

"So we acted alone. So what? That's the price of leadership. It's also why God created cruise missiles—for operations without allies."—*New York Times* columnist Thomas Friedman, defending President Clinton's decision to retaliate against Iraq without the support of America's allies

OUR NATION'S THINK TANKS AT WORK

Former State Department officer Elliott Abrams, who was convicted of withholding information from Congress in the Iran-Contra scandal, was chosen to be president of the Washington-based Ethics and Public Policy Center. The chairman of the organization defended the selection, arguing that Abrams had "wrestled" with the "ethical challenges faced by public officials."



LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY MOUSE TAIL, DOESN'T IT?

Officials at Disney World say they are considering a plan to secret tiny cameras inside the costumes of famous Disney characters who roam the complex. The officials say the cameras would be used to film tourists who annoy or attack the characters. Among the most abused is Snow White, who is occasionally assaulted by men who grab her breasts or talk dirty to her.



THAT'S SHOWBIZ

The show-business career of Micah Papp, a young street character known as Manny the Hippie on "The Late Show With David Letterman," where he did occasional movie reviews and took Dave on guided tours of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, has come to an abrupt and disturbing end. Ohio authorities watching the show recognized Papp as a probation violator who had pleaded guilty to a drug charge and been sentenced to five years probation. Papp had then moved to California without permission, a violation of his probation. Arrested and returned to Ohio, the aspiring star was sentenced to 14 months in jail.

OH, SO HE'S THE ONE TO BLAME

Barbra Streisand said the inspiration to make the movie *Yentl* came from her deceased father. She said she was considering whether to tackle the role when she convened a séance, during which her "father" told her to "sing proud" and make the movie.



THE DEEPENING MARLON BRANDO MYSTERY

According to a new biography of Christopher Reeve, he got an introduction to one of the stranger byways of Hollywood when Marlon Brando was signed for the part of Jor-El, the hero's father, in the movie *Superman*. Brando objected when he learned he was to play the part in the flesh in a vaguely galactic space toga. "How do we know that Jor-El doesn't look like a green bagel and that people on Krypton don't speak in electronic beeps?" Brando asked, then suggested the character be depicted as a suitcase.

"That Tolstoy crap. People shouldn't read that stuff."

Mike Tyson, reporting that his reading material is now dominated by comic books



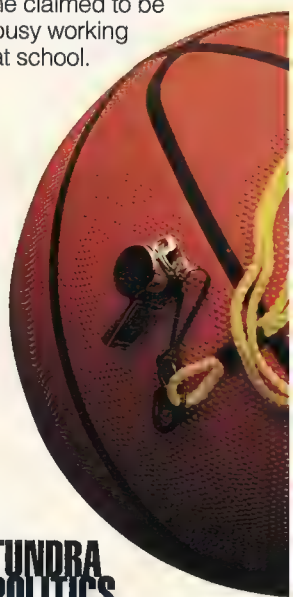
OUR NATION'S FORGETFUL SAWBONES AT WORK

The chief surgeon at New York Hospital, a man listed in one compilation as among the "best doctors in America," has been accused of leaving a hernia patient with open incisions on an operating table while he went to pick up a friend at the airport. The patient died while the doc was away.



EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY OF THE MONTH

Officials vowed to fire a Virginia high-school coach and gym teacher after it was discovered he was starring in gay porno movies under another name. To make matters worse, his wife divorced him after she learned what he was really doing during all those hours he claimed to be busy working at school.



TUNDRA POLITICS

Politics in Alaska, never noted for gentility, has become even more rough-and-tumble lately, highlighted by one candidate beating up an opponent he suspected had accused him—through the mails, anonymously—of marital infidelity. He threatened to beat up the man's mother for good measure.

PIRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

about their security problems he gradually concluded that economic espionage, ordered by foreign companies, and often at the behest of foreign states, was at least partly responsible for the steady erosion of America's share of the global market.

Chandler met with congressmen and senators, corporate executives, the heads of local chambers of commerce, F.B.I. agents—anyone who was prepared to listen. He held seminars throughout the country, wrote papers, and lectured about the growing threat to America's economic prosperity and independence. Finally the government woke up, thanks in good part, law-enforcement officials agree, to Chandler's evidence and warnings. Spurred on by its own internal reports, the F.B.I. began reorganizing its counterintelligence efforts in 1992 to bolster economic security, and two years later the

Taiwan, India, and Israel. Brazil, once high on the list, was no longer a major problem, the report said, having significantly reduced such activity as a result of American pressure.

Experts say that Japan is far and away the biggest player in this game. Strikingly pinchpenny in its outlays for original research, it spends lavishly on obtaining, licitly and illicitly, American ideas. According to one analysis cited by Chandler, Japanese companies have reaped \$1.2 trillion worth of economic benefits from American ideas at an expenditure of just \$983 million.

Although American companies are clearly not above spying on foreign competitors and one another, the international contest is definitely lopsided, given U.S. origination of the vast predominance of the world's intellectual property, ten times as much as any other nation.

Stealing America's secrets isn't like taking candy from a baby—it's often easier, say law-enforcement officials. It's also a lot more rewarding than robbing

York office, who has pressed for a higher profile and more money to combat economic espionage, says that a worrisome number of the 450,000 foreign students now studying in America were "tasked" by their governments to stay here after completing their studies, to steal new ideas and concepts from their employers. Director Freeh, Kallstrom's boss, told Congress last year that some countries recruit and train students before their visits to America to seek out specific information. One country, he said, even has an organized program along those lines, as an alternative to the military draft.

How does the F.B.I. know? By interviewing some of the perpetrators caught in the act. In 1989, Freeh said, agents interviewed two one-time students who had worked for 20 years in the U.S. as economic spies.

Some governments exploit contacts through international friendship societies, exchange groups, and import-export associations that, masquerading as purely private entities, are often covers for information-gathering. There is considerable lobbying to try to sway American public opinion. Well-placed employees of competing American firms are hired by foreign companies to obtain confidential information. In one case F.B.I. agents uncovered a body of consultants working for a large American corporation while holding a \$1 million contract to supply proprietary information to a foreign power.

Sometimes the spying has a legally innocent face. Foreign companies sign licensing deals with U.S. manufacturers, giving them access to trade secrets, which then find their way to third-party competitors. In joint U.S.-and-foreign ventures the foreign companies often send technical experts to American facilities to ferret out confidential information.

Some of these operations adapt the tradecraft of Cold War espionage, Kallstrom and other experts say. "Sleepers" are inserted into companies to burrow in and wait like moles until activated. I.B.M., according to a government official, recently found a mole who had spent 13 years working his way in, before being exposed as a foreign agent.

Professional economic spies seldom use just one method, Freeh says, but a number of well-orchestrated approaches that combine the legal and illegal, the overt and covert. A spy's best source is a company insider. Sometimes the conduit can be exploited through a weakness—in other words, blackmail.

In the late summer of 1996 dozens of the nation's top security experts gathered at a classified location in the Washington area to hear a Chandler lec-

"World War III is on," says James Chandler, director of the National Property Law Institute, "and we're losing it."

bureau set up a new Economic Counterintelligence program.

In 1994, also, the Clinton Administration created the National Counterintelligence Center, or NACIC (pronounced NAY-sick), at the Central Intelligence Agency, to enhance counterintelligence coordination among U.S. undercover agencies, provide policy guidance regarding such espionage, and educate American businesses about how to avoid being victimized.

In its second annual report last June, NACIC, headed by a 25-year F.B.I. veteran (whose name is not given out) and financed with a \$6.8 million budget, concluded that there was ample cause for concern about what it called "a growing threat to U.S. proprietary economic information and critical technologies from foreign intelligence collection." The report also contained a classified list of the major foreign-nation perpetrators of such thefts, including Iran and Iraq, for the first time among the top 12 culprits.

The list was clearly a hot potato. On it were not only countries at odds with the United States—Vietnam, China, Cuba—but some of its closest allies and friends: Japan, France, South Korea, 32 PENTHOUSE

banks. You might have a bit of difficulty, for example, stealing \$1 billion from a bank vault. But stealing an American invention or process worth \$1 billion is, as Kodak alleges its former employee informed Kodak's Chinese competitors, "a piece of cake." Easy enough, experts say, to explain at least some of the debacles that have bedeviled American business in recent years.

In Senate testimony last year F.B.I. Director Louis J. Freeh attributed the decline of American world market share in steel, autos, and computers partly to the theft of American intellectual property. Chandler goes even further, blaming economic espionage for much of the downsizing of the American economy—the loss of hundreds of thousands of jobs, the collapse of major industries like steel, the weakening of our crucial biotechnical and computer leadership.

It is hardly an accident, Chandler says, that one in four computers is now made in Taiwan, that America now buys foreign steel, watches foreign television sets, drives foreign cars—fields pioneered and long dominated by the United States.

How is the game played? James K. Kallstrom, director of the F.B.I.'s New

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55



LEXUS, VIKTORIA & DARINA

Why do the women who say they're never getting married always have the biggest weddings? For years Lexus behaved like a strident princess, spurning one suitor after another. But when she finally met a man who lived up to her lofty standards, she asked her two closest girlfriends to help close the circle.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL



On the morning of the big day the girls came together in Lexus's sweetly perfumed boudoir, where they set about intimately ministering to her excited state. As Darina drew the marabout-trimmed stockings up the smoothness of her friend's lovely legs, Viktoria peeled down Lexus's tight teddy, revealing the quivering pink-and-white rosebud of her breast.





Viktoria, who was maid of honor, decided it was their solemn duty to deflower the bride in a way only women know how to do.





Temporarily casting aside their bouquets, the women opted instead for a daisy chain of maidenly delight,



crushing
their petals
together
to create a
thick, heady
nectar,
which they
stirred with
their satin-clad
fingers.



The women
floated on
a sea of frills
and froth,
murmuring
soft vows,
both spoken
and un-
spoken. The
crowd gasped
in excitement
as Darina
scent in close
to lap
her heated
juices.





For a few moments it seemed as if the groom might be left at the altar. But after one last sweet send-off, the bride was hitched, and everyone lived and loved happily ever after. 



JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

The prosecution of alleged child molesters today has much in common with the Salem witchcraft trials of the 1600s. Rules of evidence that were designed to protect defendants have been relaxed in the name of protecting the children.

On the other side of the scale is the sad reality that child abuse exists and often goes unreported. In fact there is no serious crime prosecuted with less fitting results than child molestation. More innocent defendants are falsely accused of molesting children than of any other crime, and more guilty perpetrators walk free after committing this heinous offense.

Now comes a dangerous new proposal. Kansas, along with a handful of other states, recently passed a law that empowers prosecutors to seek to lock up sexual "predators" even after they have served their entire criminal sentence. The U.S. Supreme Court will soon decide the constitutionality of this law in a case involving Leroy Hendricks, a 62-year-old self-described pedophile. Hendricks was sentenced to ten years in prison for molesting a child. He completed the sentence, and was immediately subjected to a second jury trial, in which he was accused of being a sexual predator. The jury concluded that Hendricks had a "personality disorder" or "abnormality" that would make him "likely" to repeat his offense. Thanks to these unscientific criteria, he could spend the rest of his life behind bars.

Hendricks acknowledges that he is a pedophile, and admits that the only way he could "guarantee" he would not molest again is to "die." But the new law applies just as much to someone who may have been falsely accused and wrongly convicted. Indeed I can easily imagine some "expert" testifying that the defendant's "unwillingness" to recognize his "problem" is a form of "denial," which makes him even more "dangerous" than the pedophile who is willing to face up to his perversion.

The big problem with the new Kansas-

type laws is their vagueness and lack of rigorous criteria. The attorney general of Kansas has told the High Court that all that's required for an alleged sexual predator to be confined is he must be "likely" to do it again—and "likely" means a 51-percent chance. I believe the Kansas law is unconstitutional. Before a person can be "preventatively detained" the government should have to meet a far higher standard than "likely." There should be virtually no doubt that he will commit serious sexual crimes in the immediate future, and that there is no course of outpatient treatment able to reduce this near certainty.

Most dangerous sex offenders do have long records that would justify long prison terms. These cases do not pose the hard questions, since there is no constitutional barrier to a long prison term based on a history of criminal conduct. The difficult questions are raised by cases involving first offenders convicted of less serious crimes who are believed to be a continuing danger after they have completed their sentence. For such cases simply speculating, on the basis of unreliable expert predictions, that the defendant is "likely" to do it again should not be enough to put him away.

The precedent that would be established if the Supreme Court upholds the Kansas law is frightening to contemplate. It would not be limited to sexual crimes. It could empower prosecutors to pluck people off the streets and accuse them of

being "likely" to commit future crimes. Such preventative detention was acceptable in Alice's Wonderland, where the Queen said:

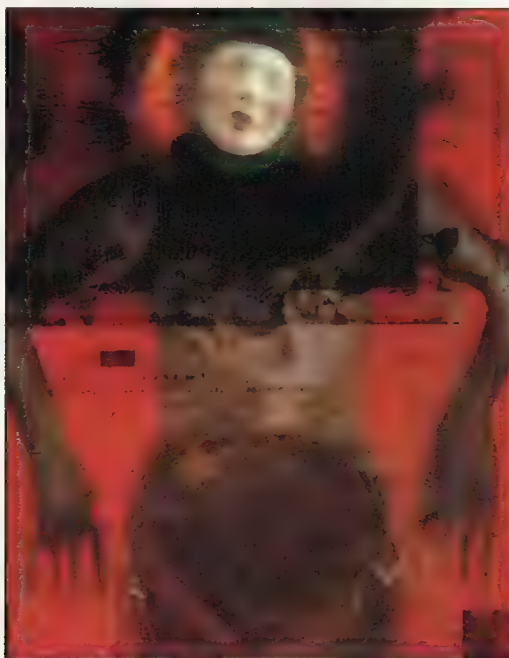
"There's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished; and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and of course the crime comes last of all."

"Suppose he never commits the crime?" asked Alice.

"That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen responded.

Alice thought, "There's a mistake here somewhere."

Indeed there is, and we must not make it if we are to preserve our liberty. 



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

champagne to go, and said I wanted to drink it from her pussy. That brought yet another giggle, which I took to mean yes. I didn't get much sleep that night, but I'm not complaining. She was quite remarkable in bed. What's more, instead of an alarm clock, I woke up to that marvelous mouth on my cock, and it stayed there until I came once more. I guess she knew that breakfast is the most important meal of the day.—D. H., Ohio

SOLO FLIGHT

I have always been fond of masturbating—even when getting fucked regularly. But in the past several years I have really perfected the art of making my own pussy come. My husband has been in prison for four years, and my juicy cunt has seen no cock for that whole time—only my fingers, dildo, vibrator, or whatever else I can rub up against. I am a very juicy and sexy woman who loves sex and can't believe I haven't fucked in four years. Playing with myself is the only reason I have survived, because every morning my wet slit usually wakes me up early, begging for attention and any touch. It's always amazing that at the slightest touch my pussy juice starts flowing.

As I trace delicate fingers over the oh-so-soft jet-black hair between my legs, my clit is already getting hard. I spread my legs wide, pink wet lips of love open slowly, and one finger slips into the soaking wet fuck hole. Now the cunt is ready for action. Two fingers pump slowly; even though I want to come right away, keeping my legs spread wide makes it last longer. More finger-fucking and the strong pussy smell is maddening—oh God, I want him to grab a nipple in his mouth and suck it, bite it hard till my tit comes too. Grabbing a tit and pulling it toward my mouth, I take a rock-hard nipple between my teeth and bite the fucker hard. Sucking on my pussy-juice-drenched fingers and madly manipulating my entire cunt with the other hand, I reach over and grab my rubber husband. Shoving the fleshy cock into my aching wet spot over and over, in and out, I rub it all over my clit on each stroke, until that little angel of mine convulses into a string of shuddering orgasms that I can feel all the way up to my nipples. It may be the best fuck I've had in four years, but thank God my flesh-and-blood lover comes home in two months.—A. T., Pennsylvania

A CLOSE SHAVE

Everything was perfect. We had checked into a small bed-and-breakfast for a little time away from the kids. This was going to be great. We enjoyed each

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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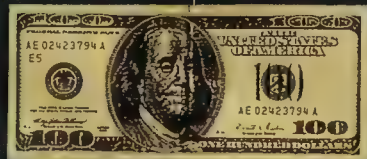
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Shawn Kemp's Golden Cage

Profile by Charley Rosen

Like so many other N.B.A. hotshots, this young superstar spells R-E-S-P-E-C-T in dollar signs.

An exquisite tragedy underlies the high-flying successes of Shawn Kemp. Young Shawn, at six foot ten and 245 pounds, offers an irresistible combination of talent, power, and killer quickness. He's a four-time all-star for the Seattle Supersonics, ranked in with Michael Jordan and Hakeem Olajuwon as one of the game's most talented performers. Kemp is considered by National Basketball Association coaches to be the most likely successor to Jordan's crown when His Airness abdicates.

Yet consider Kemp's raucous post-dunking celebrations: the yowling and the chest-beating, the occasional crude grabbing of

his crotch. At 26, Shawn Kemp is the N.B.A.'s current Doctor Dunkenstein, hero of the latest generation of hip-hop hoopsters.

The choice is Kemp's alone. Which of these is the shape of things to come? Heir apparent or merry dunkster?

"A dunk is like a weapon," says Kemp. "A gun. Bang! The fans respect powerhouse jams and slams. Depending on the situation, I'd rather miss a slam dunk than make a lay-up."

Illustration by C. F. Payne



He was always an outsized child, growing so rapidly in elementary school that he was forced to wear leg braces for a year. Even so, he came into his dunkage soon enough as a shy six-foot-tall fifth-grader in hometown Elkhart, Indiana. "When I started dunking," Shawn says, "that's when I started getting recruited. I was only eleven years old, but there were so many high-school and A.A.U. coaches and even college coaches coming hard after me. Everybody was handing out free sneakers and free sweatsuits and treating me like I was a superstar. It was fun."

Agents and sharpsters talked cool to the youngster: "You're the best, kid." All the professional wiseguys were afraid to knock Shawn for any turnovers or personal fouls, lest Kemp find another coach, another agent, another brand of game boots.

Now more than ever, innocent hooplings are being transformed into vainglorious monsters by the iniquitous superstar syndrome. But Shawn claims immunity: "None of it ever got to my head. That's what I've always had friends and family for—to keep me normal."

He was a gangly 14-year-old when his passion for stylish dunking first erupted into self-congratulatory histrionics. "The idea was not to insult anybody," he maintains. "I never got in anybody's face. Not then, not ever. It was just an emotional release for me."

Off the court Shawn found other ways to exercise his adolescent frenzy: He'd go "rim-wrecking" with some of his schoolmates. This meant driving around the streets of Elkhart at night, pausing to grab and destroy rims in darkened driveways, then fast-breaking away undetected—imitating, perhaps, the basket-busting tactics of Darryl Dawkins, familiar to fans from thunderous ESPN replays.

As an all-state player at Elkhart's Concord High School, Shawn spawned his own legends. A cousin, Kerry Ellison, vows that Shawn once dunked a ball with sufficient force to generate a miniature electric storm inside the chain-link net.

"I played the same way in high school as I do now," says Shawn. "Elusive and active all over the court."

Kemp speaks to strangers with measured intelligence, yet he was always a poor student. Early in his senior year at Concord he failed to score 700 on the S.A.T.'s, making him—by virtue of the N.C.A.A.'s Proposition 48—ineligible for college competition as a freshman. The news quickly became public knowledge in Hoosier Heaven, and hostile court-side fans were quick to taunt Shawn with cries of "S-A-T! S-A-T!" The Concord faithful would respond with "N-B-A! N-B-A!" But the public humilia-

48 PENTHOUSE



"I learned not to trust people," says Shawn Kemp. "The more you let them know about you, the more they can hurt you."

tion was difficult for Shawn to endure.

Jim Hahn was Concord's basketball coach back then, and remains one of Shawn's friends and confidants. "Shawn had to learn how to turn those taunts to his own advantage. It was a long and painful process. Instead of lashing out or retaliating, he'd answer his critics by beating them on the court."

Even so, whenever psychological pain is deflected instead of confronted the agony can only be temporarily soothed by the easy consolations of revenge. That's why ever since Shawn's senior year in high school there's always been an "enemy" lurking somewhere just beyond the edge of his peripheral vision. "I learned not to trust people," says Shawn. "The more you let them know about you, the more they can hurt you."

Toward the end of high school Shawn was perceived by most college recruiters as a spoiled brat and a pro-

found academic risk. Those coaches who secretly tried to but couldn't recruit him piously proclaimed that they didn't want "outlaws" in their program anyway. Then Shawn outraged a considerable slice of Indiana by enrolling at the University of Kentucky, the Hoosiers' archrival.

Not two months into his first semester Shawn was accused by Lexington police of having tried to sell two gold chains worth \$700 to a local pawnshop, chains that had been stolen from Kentucky Wildcats player Sean Sutton, the coach's son. The Suttons never pressed charges, and Shawn only vaguely protested his innocence. "If there'd been a problem with what I did," he said, "it would've been taken care of in a court of law. But people are eager to believe it when they read that somebody's a thief."

To this day Shawn maintains that he left the University of Kentucky because the Wildcat basketball program was on the verge of being placed on probation by the N.C.A.A. (something that occurred six months later, for recruiting violations not involving Kemp).

Shawn's next stop was Trinity Valley Community College in the dusty town of Athens, Texas. "That's when I started getting advice from a lot of people," he says, "and I decided to take a chance. So I left Trinity Valley after one semester, and declared for the N.B.A. draft."

One of Shawn's first stops on the pre-draft circuit was a tryout in Chicago, where he broke individual records in all the Bulls' agility tests. "Phil Jackson definitely wanted to draft me," Shawn says, "but I was too young for general manager Jerry Krause to deal with. I could tell by the tight look in Krause's eyes that he couldn't believe anybody so big could be so quick." Instead, the Bulls drafted the disappointing Stacey King. The Seattle Sonics selected Shawn in the first round (17th pick overall) of the 1989 N.B.A. draft. Shawn was 18 years old and a million dollars seemed like all the money in the world.

In his rookie N.B.A. season Shawn averaged 6.5 points in fewer than 14 minutes per game, with the early scouting reports emphasizing his stupendous talent and woeful immaturity. He rarely played hard. He routinely went AWOL, missing practices and team flights. He made five different moves to the hoop when one was enough. "Young as I was," Shawn recalls, "I played too fast."

He reportedly also lived too fast. "Shawn came into the N.B.A. at eighteen," says Kendall Gill, a Sonics alumnus currently with the Nets, "so what were the only things on his mind? Spending money and getting laid."

On the court the referees tried to slow Shawn down.

"Everybody said I was out of control,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest
and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey.
Illustrated by David Miller.

Ribald Rimes



*The roués and jades held a ball,
and elected the lewdest of all
to show off their tricks,
which I'd gladly depict,
but I fear that you would be appalled.*

*The President, women have said,
was not one they'd welcome in bed,
but for flag and state
there's a little debate—
a few would have given him head.*

*There once was a girl named McBater
who fucked a big alligator.
But nobody knew
what came from their screw
'cause after he laid her he ate her.*

—Jeffrey and DeeAnn Bloomer

*Now virginity's fine in its place.
Taking it slow is not a disgrace.
But in time, I'm afraid,
lest its novelty fade,
one needs a hand to keep up the pace.*

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, <http://www.penthousemag.com>. We'll publish our favorites in an upcoming issue, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

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SHAWN KEMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Shawn says, "but it wasn't so. I just took the N.B.A. by surprise, and the refs weren't used to such a big guy moving so fast. The refs only look for mistakes and they lose sight of the overall game, so they called me for violations that never happened. Walking. Palming. Imaginary fouls. Even now they watch me too closely, the same way they watch Dennis Rodman, just looking to make a call."

After two seasons Shawn had established himself as a 15-points-per-game scorer. And he still had dunking on his mind. "People don't respect a seven-footer being a lay-up shooter like Jerry West used to be. Fans want to see someone tear down the goal."

Shawn's post-dunk hijinks were meanwhile being glamorized in glossy posters and sanctified by highlights films. And Shawn became a cultural icon.

Nobody disses the Sultan of Slam.

George Karl became the Sonics coach in 1992, preaching the value of discipline and poaching, or ambushing, the passing lanes. Karl, always the realist, says, "This was around the time when the Detroit Pistons, the so-called Bad Boys, were the N.B.A. champs. So it was okay to woof and talk trash and taunt an opponent. It was considered an acceptable way to gain respect. It's just that Shawn went overboard."

With Shawn producing all-star numbers, the Sonics dominated regular-season play in the Western Conference, averaging nearly 60 wins a season from 1992 to 1996. Come the clutch-time play-offs, however, the Sonics sucked wind. Shawn routinely missed team flights and practices, or else arrived late with the same tired excuse: "I overslept." A Seattle sports wag said that the Sonics' "go-to guy" had become their "go-to-sleep guy."

Through it all the young phenom minimized his chronic absenteeism. "George tried to be tough with me," says Shawn, "and I can respect that. I can't be a tough player without a tough coach behind me. But all that coming late and missing practices was never a willful thing for me. After a while George was satisfied, and then he backed off." In the '95-'96 season Shawn missed only two takeoffs, the fewest in his career.

In the full-court dash from tip to buzzer, Michael plays with bloodthirsty elegance. Hakeem plays with regal grace. And Shawn plays with a seething, headstrong lust for the hoop. He can run with the backcourt men as well as wrangle in the pivot. "I only wish I could've played in the late sixties and early seventies," says Shawn, "because

that's when the N.B.A. was real physical and dirty. You could fight and play the game like a warrior. I just came too late."

Kemp's N.B.A. career is already six years old, and he's learned to work diligently to improve his game. The up-to-date scouting report reveals considerable development. Long midnight hours on the practice court have made Shawn a dangerous shooter who plays all-out more often than he used to.

On the downside, several N.B.A. coaches report that Kemp's mucho-macho mind-set can still be used against him. "We try to attack him and get him into a one-on-one situation when he's on defense," says one veteran coach. "If someone takes it to Shawn and scores, he feels embarrassed. Then he'll try and retaliate by forcing a shot at the other end. It's a schoolyard mentality." But Jimmy Rodgers, an assistant coach with the Bulls, offers a cautionary reminder: "Heck, Kemp's only 26, and look how good he already is. He's still five years away from his prime. It's scary how good he could be."

In the summer of 1994 Kemp was easily good enough to join forces with the likes of Derrick Coleman, Larry Johnson, and Dominique Wilkins as part of Dream Team 2 at the World Basketball Championships in Toronto. Coleman, L.J., and "Nique" played as thugly Americans, routinely taunting vastly inferior opponents and filling every game with crude profanities. And, yes, to commemorate his rim-rattling dunks, Shawn did shout and stomp and flex his pecs like Hulk Hogan. Business as usual in the World-Wide Wrestling Federation of professional basketball. Yet unlike his foul-mouthed running mates, Shawn also practiced hard and drew public praise from his coaches.

When all four players were subsequently excluded from Dream Team 3, the Seattle faithful claimed Kemp had been declared guilty by association. Even M.J. was pissed. "One of the reasons I passed on Atlanta," he said, "was to give young people like Shawn an opportunity to play in the Olympics. Shawn not being picked was an injustice."

In private Shawn was aggrieved by the snub and found solace back home in Elkhart with his mother and sister. For public consumption, he rarely admits any personal culpability, and makes light of any unpleasant business. "Everybody says that I'm a loudmouth with no dignity and no respect for the game. That I'm not an Olympian. Hey, man, it's a crazy world. I know the real truth about me, so it's easy to accept being left out. Maybe I shouldn't have done what I did, but I don't regret doing it."

The enemy never sleeps.

George Karl claims to "almost" understand why an otherwise intelligent young man can be so blasé about his own public turmoil. "All professional athletes have a protective armor for their egos," says Karl, "because the media make so many distorted judgments about people in the spotlight. In truth we really don't want the public to know us at all. Hey, I'm good with the media, but I'd happily pay a hundred thousand dollars every year not to have to talk to them ever again. And I know that Shawn would do the same. The media think they're indispensable, but their accolades are not important to us. It's the good opinion of our peers that really counts. As for Shawn, he'd much rather live inside his own private life than be out there trying to correct the misperceptions that the media have fostered."

According to even the most cynical observers, Kemp's brawny and true-hearted performance against the Bulls in last season's championship play-offs signified his coming-out party. He averaged 24 points and 10.3 rebounds per game, compelling Bulls coach Phil Jackson to concede that the Sonics' high-stepping all-star was the one N.B.A. player least intimidated by the Bulls' formidable defense.

George Karl was hardly surprised. "Shawn actually played at that level all season long," the Sonics coach says. "That was because as far back as training camp I deliberately gave the team to him and Gary [Payton]. I told Shawn that if he fucked me, if he didn't accept the responsibility, then I gotta go. And Shawn responded like a champion."

Shawn isn't impressed, because he knows that real champions wear gold rings. "I haven't won anything yet," he says. "But I did play my ass off against Chicago. I'm only saying that because some of my teammates didn't play hard enough long enough. After our quick play-off exits the last two years, most of the guys were happy just to be *in* the finals. With the Bulls, guys like Jordan and Pippen and Rodman are smart enough to know that the finals are not like the semifinals, where you can get the feel of things. You can't *win* a championship. You have to *take* it. You can't wait for the third game to foul Michael hard and knock him on his ass. We weren't ready to play hard enough from the opening tip, and it was the Bulls' experience that beat us."

Has Shawn Kemp finally discovered that he can get the respect he craves by keeping his mouth shut? By keeping his hands off his crotch in public? By earning respect, not demanding it? Perhaps.

Perhaps not. Because like so many other N.B.A. hotshots, Shawn Kemp still spells R-E-S-P-E-C-T in dollar signs.

In 1993 Shawn signed a seven-year contract extension with Seattle. A year later his agent negotiated yet another extension, this one calling for a balloon payment of \$14.6 million in the year 2002. According to the current N.B.A. collective-bargaining agreement, Shawn is not eligible for another contract renegotiation until October 1997. And Shawn feels disrespected. To save face he says that his long-term deal with Seattle "averages" \$6 million, even though his current salary only comes to \$3 million. For now, Shawn is merely the sixth-highest-paid player on the Seattle roster, and he likes to say he's working for a "minimum wage."

The roots of his current discontent are a pair of hefty contracts recently signed by teammates. Gary Payton's free-agent deal with Seattle is worth \$12 million per. And free-agent Jim McIlvaine, a six-foot-eleven defensive specialist, lined up for \$35 million. Shawn is especially dismayed by McIlvaine's contract.

"All that money to a guy who averaged two points a game! I tell you, man, I'm really looking forward to October 1997. I'm going to enjoy that day."

In fact Shawn couldn't wait that long. "It's not about money, it's about respect,"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

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Unusual products for unusual problems

By Ken Sander

From smart steering wheels and radios that turn themselves on and off, to black boxes that exorcise ghosts from your TV at last ...

Thin Sound?

Are you tired of big, bulky stereo speakers? The Verity Group PLC is going to change that, using a technology called NXT. This development enables manufacturers to make speakers that are only one-eighth of an inch thick. You could hang them like picture frames.

How do they do that? Until now, all flat speakers worked with a single-point piston mode, meaning the sound comes from a single point. NXT involves a vibration mode that extends over the panel's entire surface. All points on the surface become sound points. This next-generation technology will surely change the looks and adaptability of public-address, home-theater, multimedia, and automotive speakers.

Pocket Portable

Are you tired of lugging around your eight-pound laptop plus battery, cables, and case? All this stuff together weighs in at about 15 pounds. Call that portable?

Imagine a computer the size of a cigar. It works like this: You extend a four- or five-inch liquid-crystal-display screen, like pulling out a window shade. Then

you wirelessly fax, receive, exchange information, enter, store, surf the Net, etc. When you're finished you snap it closed and put it in your pocket. Vaporware? Yes, but the folks at Sharp Electronics in Japan are developing it right now.

Hands Off

Another new item from Blaupunkt is a clock-activated car radio called the Tuner Timer. All you have to do is preset the station and the turn-on time. At the right time it will turn on and switch to the right station. You never have to miss your favorite



One for the Thumb

When you're driving, what's the best way to operate your car radio? With your fingertip? Or a hand-held remote? I say neither. How about an infrared remote mounted on the inner rim of the steering wheel? That way you can work it with your thumb without taking your hand off the wheel. Blaupunkt calls this device The Thummer. It controls radio, cassette, and CD player. Who knows how many accidents have happened because people took their eyes off the road to glance down at the car stereo. With The Thummer you just diddle the steering wheel.

show again; the radio remembers for you. Both The Thummer and the Tuner Timer are available on certain new Blaupunkt car-radio and compact-disc players. For information call Blaupunkt at (800) 950-BLAU.

TV Ghostbuster

Is your TV haunted? Do you have ghosts? Multiple images, color shifts, smeared pictures, color drop-out or too much color, loss of picture sharpness? Your answer is probably yes to at least one of these. The interference problem has been around since the beginning of broadcast television. The good news is that most broadcasters

and cable systems now insert Ghost Cancellation Reference into their signal, and some 90 percent of all TV viewers in America benefit from it. The bad news is that you still need to "process" that signal. Which brings us to ImageLock, a device made by Philips Magnavox that permanently kicks the ghosts out of the signal. One drawback to ImageLock is that it must have a preset channel of its own—that is, it must get its signal from the VCR or cable box video output.

What would be better is if it did not need a preset channel and you could attach it to the main antenna or cable at the point of entry to your dwelling. That way you could ImageLock everything with one unit. In the future most televisions will be manufactured with this system built in, but for now you must have the set-top ImageLock box to eliminate the ghosts. Under the right conditions it will clear up most, if not all, of your reception problems.

You can order ImageLock (\$149) from Philips Magnavox; call (800) 446-7860, ext. 103.

You can reach me anytime via e-mail at DoctorCbl@aol.com. 



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By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

Make her feel beautiful and she just might pay you back in a very special way.

Only rare guys don't crave it, like Brian, who complained he couldn't come that way, and Elliot, who couldn't stand the mess. But I'd be rich if I had a nickel for every guy who's asked me how to get a girl to give him head, and swallow.

You guys would get more if you stopped complaining that girls don't do it, and started approaching it the right way.

For God's sake, don't ever force her head down. So many women have had bad experiences with guys making them do that, and then lover boy rolls over and goes to sleep, leaving his companion unfulfilled and feeling degraded. Find out about any such bad experiences in her past. Be patient. As she gets to trust you over time, and you get onto each other's wavelength, she'll get the vibe and take the initiative.

Watch your words. Orders like "Do me" or "Down on your knees" can work in particular passionate role-playing, but it's generally a lot better idea to say something like: "I'd love for you to pleasure me with your mouth when you feel like it." When you're feeling close, tell her how much that act turns you on.

Make her feel beauti-

ful, is what I told Carlos, who called LovePhones asking, "How do I get my girl to let me bust my nut in her mouth?" On take three he got it: "Baby, you're beautiful, and I'd like to come in you all ways."

Shame on the guy who threatens to leave if she doesn't go down on him. I tell women to

leeway to take breaks, and *lots* of compliments.

Beth all on her own was inspired to use both hands, vary the touch of her tongue and fingers (softer or harder, stroking or licking), movements (fast, slow), and location (add scrotum and in-between spot).



leave such egotists first.

Some women fear inexperience—like Beth, who said, "I'd love to give my boyfriend head as a birthday present, but I'm afraid I won't do it right." The boyfriend should assure her that she can't go wrong with the right attitude (the desire to please, to play), and she should pick up on his responses. He should also give her signals (in movements, grunts, or words) about what he likes,

For extra tips ask friends, watch instructional videos, and read books with explicit instructions, like my *Generation Sex*.

Address attitudes, like oral sex is "nasty" or "dirty," or being a "cocksucker" is being a slut. Not so. In one survey 95 percent of young couples reported having tried it. Identifying negative messages about sex helps dissipate them. My dentist father warned, "Never put anything but sterilized

dental instruments in your mouth." It took my being in *love* to realize that Daddy was wrong: A man's love instrument is clean and good!

Go slow. Reassure her that she's in charge and won't gag. Let her be above you, controlling the angle and depth of penetration. Warn her when you're about to come, so if she wishes she can keep her mouth on just the tip, letting your ejaculate escape before she's worked up to taking it all.

Reassure her that she won't gag if she opens the back of her throat and breathes, instead of sucking too hard.

Make sure the "fella-tio-to-cunnilingus ratio," as I call it, is equal; in other words, give as much as you get. Do her first, and she'll more likely return the favor with the gusto you covet from what you've seen and heard in porn flicks.

One of my favorite jokes is, "Why can't Miss Piggy count to 69?" "Because when she gets to 68 she gets a frog in her throat." Moral of the story: Romance your lady with dinners, moonlit walks, pillow talk, and any frog croaking about his ignored head will turn into a prince having his crown delightedly polished. **CH**

W. DeCatin.





Hofmekler's People

THE PROBLEM WE ALL LIVE WITH. Homage to Norman Rockwell.



PIRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

ture: "Intellectual Property Protection—The War We're In." America has little but its expertise to sell, Chandler said, removing his jacket as he warmed to his topic. "Cheap labor is not what we're good at. We can't sell our land. The only thing the nation can sell is tangible goods or intellectual property."

In fact, he said, America is estimated to produce 80 percent of the world's intellectual property. "If we're producing ten times more than any other country, then why don't we have the strongest economy? The answer is simple: If you produce intellectual property and others take it, then you do not enjoy the property." In many countries—he mentioned China, Japan, and India, among others—"to copy is to honor." He cited American companies that had sought licenses to operate abroad, only to find their products already being produced there without authorization. In other cases, he said, wily lawyers will register American brand names abroad so that the American company, if it wants to do business there, must first buy back its name. "You can find yourself meeting your own competition wearing your clothing."

Falling back on homey anecdote, he told of his son thirsting for a can of soda. One machine dispensed off-brand cans at 25 cents. The boy didn't want that. Another machine sold Pepsi. That's what he wanted, at 75 cents a can. The brand name alone was worth an extra 50 cents a can. That, said Chandler, was what lured economic thieves—the valuable cachet of a protected American product.

Then came a stunning accusation. Months before, Chandler told his audience, Chinese officials had applied to the U.S. Patent Office for the accumulated records of that office—millions of granted patents. More yet, they asked that the whole vast data be delivered on CD-ROMs. "So the good old patent commisisoner," Chandler said, "went out and hired a company to record every American patent filed in that office since the beginning of time, placed it on CD-ROM, and shipped it off to China."

The value of that information was incalculable. Potentially trillions of dollars. Then came the kicker: "My professional opinion is that that sort of conduct amounts to treason."

At the end of his talk Chandler received a standing ovation. His disclosure received no attention at the time. Indeed, it has never been reported.

Bruce Lehman, the commissioner of

patents and trademarks, has a somewhat different account of the matter. He confirmed in an interview that his office negotiated a bilateral agreement in late 1995 with its Chinese counterparts. The agreement, he argued, would have been *advantageous* for American business, in that it required China to respect the rights of the American patent-holders whose inventions were set out on those CD-ROMs. Surreptitiously duplicating the American patents without payments to the American holders—or any other violations of the agreement—would have brought on possible trade sanctions. But, Lehman went on to say, his agency never in fact provided the information to China. The agreement was suspended the following year after Beijing failed to honor some of the early commitments it had made under the agreement. As a result, Lehman said, his agency had never provided the requested information. He was aware of Chandler's charge, he said, but it was wrong.

Chandler is not ready to back down. There remain many unexplained aspects to the affair, he says. And Commissioner Lehman, he argues further, should never have been permitted to negotiate such an agreement with a country whose trade record raised so many questions about its willingness and ability to honor American patent-holders' commercial rights.

The strange contretemps between these two well-placed figures was not the only sign of tension over the issue. The complicity of U.S. allies in this game triggered behind-the-scenes struggles between other government agencies. For example, although the Clinton Administration offered its own bill making the theft of intellectual property a federal crime, and ultimately incorporated elements of three parallel Congressional measures, all these steps were initially opposed and lobbied against by the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. The impression that the State Department adamantly opposed all trade-secret protection bills was so widespread on Capitol Hill that an assistant secretary of state felt compelled last September to write to Senator Arlen Specter, chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence and a trade-secret protectionist, reassuring him that State's position had been "mischaracterized in the press" and that it would continue "working closely" with other executive-branch agencies and with Congress to "enhance the protection of trade secrets from both purely commercial theft and theft involving foreign governments and intelligence agencies."

The State Department, as a matter of fact, was only part of the problem. The





Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! Ultimate tune-ups for top performance

SMART SNACKS THAT WON'T MAKE YOU FAT

Few of us can resist the urge to snack. So here, courtesy of Washington, D.C., dietitian Janis Jibrin, are a few healthy snack substitutes:

Instead of: one large 4½-oz. blueberry muffin (400 calories and ten grams of unhealthy fat) ...

Substitute: one whole-grain English muffin with one tsp. of butter (170 calories, five g fat).

Instead of: one fast-food beef burrito (430 calories, 21 g fat) ...

Substitute: one bean burrito (380 calories, 12 g fat).

Instead of: tortilla chips and guacamole (250 calories, 16 g fat for one ounce of chips and ¼ cup of dip) ...

Substitute: baked tortilla chips (120 calories, six g fat) and a "fat-free" bean dip (25 to 35 calories, one g fat).

Instead of: high-calorie, nutritionally empty soda ...

Substitute: A mix of seltzer and orange juice, which has a high vitamin C content and heart-healthy folic acid.

Also keep in mind, Jibrin says, that fiber- and vitamin-rich fruit is a great substitute for almost any snack.



TUNE-UPS

THE BOLDER SHOULDER SECRET

Most men who pump iron focus on the vanity muscles—in the chest, arms, legs, and shoulders. Peter Gratale, former co-host of ESPN's "Bodyshaping" and a well-known trainer, reminds us that one muscle group often neglected in workouts is the rear deltoids, the small muscles at the back of the shoulders. These muscles are key to improved strength and to injury prevention in a wide variety of sports that require throwing or pulling strength—plus, we hardly need add, owning a pair of broad shoulders doesn't exactly hurt the way you'll look in bathing trunks this summer.

To isolate and develop the rear deltoids: Lie face-down on a 30-degree incline bench. Pick up a light dumbbell with each hand. Keeping elbows slightly bent, raise your arms to the side until they're even with your body. (Your elbows should be in line with your shoulders.) That's the start point. Now squeeze your shoulder blades together. Hold for a count of one, then relax your shoulders and lower your arms. Begin with one set of 15 repetitions, and work up to three or four sets "There's no other exercise that hits the rear deltoids like this one," Gratale says.

SCENT OF A WOMAN

Ever notice how some women go from being plain-Janes to achingly sexy over the course of the month? No, it's not all in your mind. But it could be all in your nose. A new study finds that men respond to the scent of ovulation with a distinct increase in the "desire hormone" testosterone.

Researcher Astrid Jutte of the Ludwig Boltzmann Institute for Urban Ethology in Vienna placed 66 male volunteers on inhalators that funneled a whiff of either one of three different vaginal secretions or of plain water vapor. The group that nosed the scent associated with ovulation immediately increased output of testosterone by half. Those who got only water to smell had no change.

Next the men were shown photos of five women of different ages and varying degrees of attractiveness, and were asked to rate their looks. Exposure to ovulatory secretions tended to upgrade the men's estimations of female beauty. So if Dull Sally down in accounting has suddenly gone sultry, it's just nature's way of telling you she's "ready" ... to make babies, that is.



Popping wheelies: Four easy moves can help work out the kinks on the road.

WORKOUTS TO GO

Your neck hurts. Your back is sore. You feel cooped up and cramped. You're commuting! Well, we're here to help. *Penthouse* asked the American Running & Fitness Association for some work-out-the-kinks exercises you can do while behind the wheel.

Pectorals. When stuck in traffic or at a red light, grasp the steering wheel with hands at ten and two o'clock. Keeping elbows bent, push toward the center of the wheel (as in a dumbbell flye move), and hold for a count of ten. Relax, then repeat twice more.

Upper back and shoulders. At the next light, hold the wheel the same way, but this time pull outward. Again, hold that for ten seconds, relax, then repeat twice more.

Buttocks. To tone your gluteus maximus, tighten your butt muscles by clenching your rear cheeks together. Hold for ten seconds, relax, then repeat. (When you're doing this move properly, it should raise you slightly in your seat.)

Abdominals. Sit upright and belly-breathe. Allow your stomach to expand as you exhale, and contract when you inhale. Keep breathing slow and deep to avoid hyperventilation.

In general, always practice good posture—shoulders back,

down, and relaxed; stomach in, neck relaxed. You'll feel better. Finally, never do the above steering-wheel exercises while your car is moving. And never do anything that distracts you from the road.

THE REAL SHORTS STORY

Modern folk wisdom has it that men who wear boxer shorts are more fertile than men who opt for briefs. Why? Sperm are at their best in a climate of about 92 or 93 degrees Fahrenheit, just a few degrees below the temperature of the



rest of the body. In fact that may explain why testicles hang free. But briefs, because of their tighter fit, were thought to raise the temperature in the sperm's scrotal home. Following this logic, for many years men who would be dads have been suffering in unsupportive boxers.

Well, it's okay to wear any damn undershorts you like, say researchers

CHECKUPS

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN BEFORE THIS TEST

Anyone who's about to take a stool sample—a routine test that looks for hidden blood in the bowel as a possible sign of colon cancer—would do well to forgo aspirin for a few days beforehand. That's the word from Paul D. Greenberg, M.D., and his colleagues at the University of California, San Francisco.

Greenberg and his team gave either aspirin or a sugar pill daily to 97 healthy patients for six weeks, then took three stool samples from each and analyzed them for hidden blood, using six different methods. During the next six weeks the patient groups were switched, so that those who had been given aspirin during the first trial now got a placebo, and vice versa. The outcome: Patients who took aspirin had nearly twice as much hidden blood in their stool as those who didn't. That could produce a false positive reading and unnecessary worry, says Greenberg.

ASK DR. SLOAN

I was wondering if you could give me your take on phone sex. Crazy and sicko? Or as American as apple pie?—Bob L., New York

I'd have to go with "American as apple pie," Bob. Phone sex is a great fantasy trip, which thousands use to get their rocks off. Not only is it exciting to lie back and listen as someone on the other end whispers things that are risqué and intimate, but it also happens to be the ultimate in safe sex. Another benefit: Phone sex is the only form of one-night stand where last night's fox never turns into a hound in the cold light of dawn.

In fact I'll go one step further. I think



phone sex can be therapeutic (though I wouldn't send the bill to your medical insurer). For example, it can be a great help to shy guys. Many a man who's too reticent to begin a one-on-one has gained comfort and confidence by starting out on the

phone-sex trail. More-sophisticated customers use it to scratch an itch they've always had but never satisfied. Sex with a gorgeous redhead? An Asian? A submissive sex slave? Phone sex has no limits.

You don't have to be single to get off on

phone sex. Many couples use it as a spice for their lovemaking, just as they use triple-X videos.

If there's any catch at all, it's that you can't really know who's on the other end of the line. Should you take those sweet nothings she's whispering too seriously, you could be setting yourself up for an emotional fall. Just remember: The pro on the telephone will bring you off, but she won't let you tie her down.

Don Sloan, M.D., is the author of Anything Goes: Doctor Sloan's Complete Guide to Sexual Diversity.

A SWELL BELT

The Reebok Pump started out as a way to help athletic shoes fit more snugly. Now Reebok's rolling out the next generation of pump-up athletic equipment: the Instapump weight belt, with an interior air chamber that inflates using a ball device similar to that on the shoe. The benefits: a custom fit right where you need it, in the lower lumbar area of your back. The belt is made of suede, and comes in either single ply (\$74.95) or the competition double-ply (\$99.95). To order or for info, call Reebok at (800) 642-4071.

Air on the side of safety: Reebok's back-saving belt pumps up for a snugger fit.



SELF-HELP

WHIP THAT ALLERGY

Spring is in the air. More important, pollen is in the air. What's a guy to do if the miracles of nature mean a month or more of misery? *Penthouse* went to the top allergists for suggestions on sneeze-proofing your spring.

Close the door. Stay indoors in the morning if you can. Pollen counts are highest until ten A.M. They're lowest at midday, then rise again after sunset.

Chill out. Turn on the air-conditioning. According to some reports, AC is your best defense against pollen pollution.

Wash your air. Consider purchasing an air-filtering unit for the bedroom or an electrostatic air-filter system for your whole house. (Honeywell makes models that range from about \$700 to \$1,200.) As a low-cost first step, try covering air vents with several layers of cheesecloth.

Mow low. Don't let your lawn get more than two inches high. That'll nip flowering grasses in the bud—

not to mention lurking weeds.

Cover up. When you mow, strap on a pollen mask. Sure, you'll look like a mental case, but breathing easier will more than make up for the embarrassment. Check out 3M's High Efficiency Respirator, \$8.99, available at home garden centers or by phone: (800) 882-4110.

Apply specs. Wear glasses, not contacts, at the peak of hay-fever season. Contacts can trap allergens on the surface of the eye.

Visit a laundromat. Don't hang sheets and pillowcases outdoors to dry; that makes them pollen magnets.



Take a pill. Some newer antihistamines (Allegra, Hismanal, Claritin) cause less drowsiness and concentration loss than remedies of years past.

Sniff this. If your allergies are really bad, get your doctor to prescribe a steroid nasal spray (Rhinocort, Nasalide). Another kind of prescription spray (Intal) or eye drops (Crolom) containing cromolyn sodium can stop allergic reactions before they start.

Go natural. Don't want to take medicine? Consider vitamin C, which has a natural antihistamine effect. Or try the bioflavonoid quercetin, available in most health-food stores.

Watch this space. Keep your eye out for exciting new treatments still under investigation. Among these are "good" antibodies that fight "bad" IgE, a class of antibodies, prominent in allergy sufferers, that actually triggers the sniffles and runny eyes, says Marshall Plaut, M.D., chief of the Allergic Mechanism Section at the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.

Stick to it: **DON'T SKIMP ON SHRIMP**
If your sex drive isn't quite where it should be, acupuncture may help.

If you've given up shrimp because you've been told it's high in cholesterol, we've got heartening news. A new study by scientists at Rockefeller University and the Harvard School of Public Health shows that although shrimp is

high in cholesterol, it has almost no saturated fat—the real dietary villain in heart disease. That means, says Frank Sacks, M.D., associate professor of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, that shrimp can be included in a heart-healthy diet. “We need to give people as much flexibility as possible in their low-fat diets,” Sacks says. “Shrimp gives them another healthy choice.”

DISCOVERIES

EYESIGHT FOR THE BLIND

A dream of centuries—and the theme of fantasies and fairy tales—may be on the brink of reality. A surgeon from the University of Rochester has restored useful eyesight to four patients who had been totally blind.

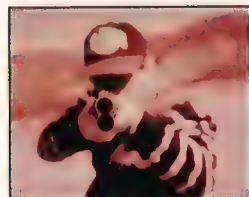
The patients, all from India, were victims of retinitis pigmentosa, a genetic disease that afflicts 1.5 million people (including 100,000 Americans), robbing them of their eyesight. By transplanting cells from fetal retinas, Manuel del Cerro, M.D., has given four of eight patients sufficient sight to count fingers, detect motion, and recognize faces. One of the patients now has the equivalent of 20/200 vision.

Researchers are continuing to evaluate the progress of the Indian patients, as well as a group of six American retinal-transplant patients at Johns Hopkins University Medical Center in Baltimore. If improvement continues in these R.P. patients, surgeons hope ultimately to try the procedure on people whose blindness is caused by macular degeneration, a disease of aging that afflicts as many as ten million Americans.

There's still much more work to be done, caution experts, but if this research continues to bring good news, fetal transplants could eventually represent a miraculous new hope for the hopelessly blind.

DID YOU KNOW?

- Deer hunting can be riskier for a human being with a weak heart than for his quarry. Sighting the deer, shooting it, and carrying it out of the forest can almost double a hunter's heart rate.
- Laughing 100



times a day—about the number of chuckles you get from the average Robin Williams flick (excepting maybe *Toys*)—burns as many calories as ten minutes on a rowing machine.

- Gulf War veterans were significantly more likely than other soldiers to die in accidents—especially car accidents—in the two years after Desert Storm.



NEEDLEPOINT FOR MEN

If you have a sexual problem—impotence, premature ejaculation, reduced sex drive—and conventional treatments haven't worked, you might want to try acupuncture. Don't worry, it doesn't involve sticking needles into your penis. In fact it's painless, says Robert Kaneko, director of the Oregon College of Oriental Medicine Clinic in Portland.

“Sexual dysfunction,” Kaneko declares, “generally results from deficiency of sexual energy,” known in Chinese medicine as Jing. To put it in Western terms, when your Jing is down, your wang won't go up.

After an initial assessment you'll relax on a treatment table while the acupuncturist inserts slender needles into key points in the arms, legs, abdomen, or back. The needles are thought to help circulate energy throughout the body. A typical course of treatment is one hour-long session

per week for ten weeks. Costs vary, but a standard fee is \$50 for the first visit, \$40 for subsequent treatments. A growing number of health-insurance companies now cover acupuncture for some problems.—J. Garrard

READ IT AND WEEP

People who have trouble with words—especially those diagnosed as having dyslexia or learning disabilities—often get the short end of the stick, first in school, then in society at large. But Thomas West, author of *In the Mind's Eye* (Prometheus), is here to tell us that people who handle words poorly are often very good at things that may be more important.

West likes to point out that such notables as Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Einstein, and General George Patton all had trouble with words but were excellent at visualizing and processing non-verbal information. And in future, as the

world becomes more driven by computer graphics, those who have heightened visual abilities may leave word people in the dust. Dyslexics and other people with poor verbal skills "are going to be well-adapted to the next wave of technology," says West.

THE NEW VIRGINITY

According to a recent survey, more than half of American teenage girls are still virgins, while as many as 42 percent of boys have yet to "go all the way." But that's hardly the end of the story, according to Mark A. Schuster, M.D., Ph.D., and his colleagues at the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California. The mere fact that a girl is "hymenally challenged"

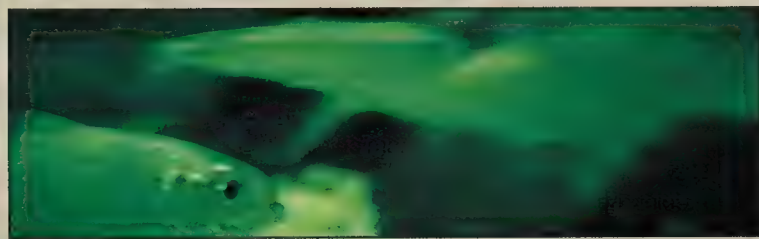
WEIRD SCIENCE GUPPY LOVE

When it comes to braving danger for one's lady love, Sir Lancelot was a cowering wimp compared to your average guppy. Daring male guppies will dash right up to a predator (for the tiny guppy, that means just about every fish in the sea or fish tank), and give the bad guy a bold, close-range check-out.

Such high-risk behavior wins the hearts of fair guppy ladies,

say researchers Jean-Guy J. Godin of Mount Allison University in New Brunswick, Canada, and Lee Alan Dugatkin of the University of Louisville. Why? Female guppies take the males' boldness as a sign of good genes, and good genes make good guppy babies.

Is derring-do a biologically desirable trait in humans too? Maybe that's why stuntmen and race-car drivers always get the hottest chicks.



does not mean she just says no. Within the past year about a third of these teen virgins have masturbated a partner, while about ten percent have performed cunnilingus

and/or fellatio.

What exactly constitutes sex? Perhaps the notion that vaginal penetration is required is out of date. As Jerry Seinfeld once remarked, "Sex begins whenever the nipple makes an appearance." Schuster concludes, "We must avoid the tendency to think of [teenagers] as sexually active or not ... based on their virginity status alone."

FATHER'S LITTLE HELPER

Steamy, hot, nasty! That's the secret rep of vitamin E, which is popped on the sly by millions of men in the belief that it can increase potency. Though scientists don't know if E can make you hornier or harder, a new report suggests it just might

be able to firm up your sperm.

For the study, 15 men who were enrolled in a test-tube fertilization program took 200 international units of E a day. All had normal sperm, says Ami Amit, M.D., of Serlin Maternity Hospital in Tel Aviv, but their swimmers lacked the thrust to penetrate the eggs' outer shield. After three months of taking the vitamin, the would-be dads' fertility rate had risen ten percent.

Should you take vitamin E for making love? Maybe. But if making babies is your goal, you might want to pick up a bottle of the stuff. **OT**

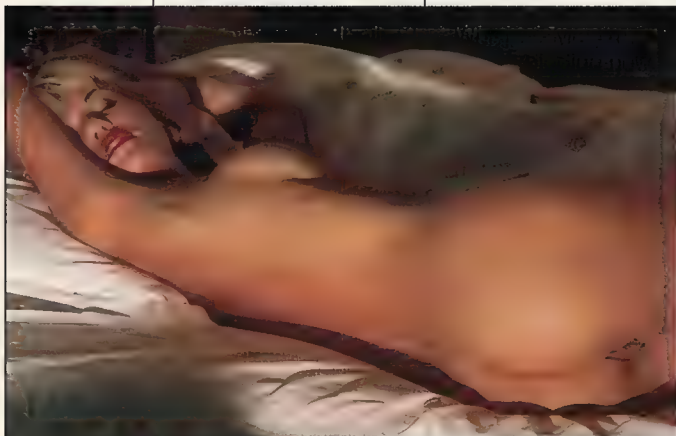
Nuclear fishin'?
Something deep down in a male guppy's genes makes him love danger.



I bought a big zucchini to make for dinner, but when I got home it brought other things to mind.

I want to share a little secret: Your letters and chat logs make me so hot, I often have to stop what I'm doing and masturbate. Starting this month I've posted on our Web site some correspondence that is too steamy even to appear in these pages.

sages from other men, ranging from pathetic pleas for sex to really offensive propositions. If these guys had been in a bar they would have been slapped. But I also heard from three hot women: a curious housewife, a college student, and an obviously experi-



See you there—www.penthouse.com—and keep sending your online experiences to StolenKiss@aol.com. I can't wait to hear from you.

GENDER BENDER

I've never had much luck in the chat rooms, while my female friends always seem to have more action than they can handle—both male and female.

One night I decided to see how the other half plays. I went online under the name "Showgirl," and wrote in my profile that I was a bisexual woman. I was immediately swamped with mes-

saged 30-year-old who called herself "ShadowLady."

ShadowLady: Are you really a showgirl? Describe yourself.

Showgirl: Curly blonde hair, blue eyes, tall, with a dancer's body.

ShadowLady: Ummm, I like that. I'm dark-haired, petite, and curvy, with full, high tits. Would you like to suck them?

Showgirl: Oh, yes.

ShadowLady: Cupping my breasts in my hands, feeding you both nipples together. I love it when you bite them.... God, you're making me wet. I want you to taste my cunt,

Showgirl.

Showgirl: Trailing kisses down your belly to your shaved pussy...

ShadowLady: Stroking your long, blonde hair while your tongue teases my swelling clit... That's so good.... Fuck my cunt with this vibrator while you lick me, Showgirl. Ohhh!

Needless to say, all this was making my cock harder than a cement sidewalk. After about an hour I came, pumping out the most jism I've ever seen from masturbating. Since then I've had more online pussy than I know what to do with. Girls really do have more fun.—E. B., Arizona

ONE IS NOT ENOUGH

Whisper2Me: I've got my dick in my hand. Now tell me your darkest fantasy.

WriterGal: Are you stroking yourself? That makes me wet.

Whisper2Me: My meat is throbbing for you, honey.

WriterGal: Okay... I want another man to suck my nipples while you fill my hungry pussy with cock.

Whisper2Me: I like that.

WriterGal: Then you'd flip me over...

Whisper2Me: Yes?

WriterGal: ... spread my ass cheeks, and ease your rod into my tight brown hole.

Whisper2Me: Think you could take it?

WriterGal: I've got a dildo up my ass now.

Whisper2Me: I'd pull it out and give you the real thing.

WriterGal: The other guy would jerk off.... I want to see his cock get hard and purple from watching you fuck me.

Whisper2Me: I'm nearly exploding now.

WriterGal: I want him to shoot his hot, sticky cream while you come in my ass hole. Would you do that for me?

Whisper2Me: Come over tonight. I'll get my roommate to watch.

WriterGal: See you at seven, baby.—

WriterGal@aol.com

HOT ZUCCHINI

LtEddie: Tell me about your day.

Sindee: Well, this afternoon I bought a big zucchini to make for dinner. But when I got home I couldn't bring myself to cut it.

LtEddie: Why not?

Sindee: (*blushing*) It reminded me of your cock—so long and hard. I miss you so much.

LtEddie: I'll be home soon, baby. Have you still got the zuch?

Sindee: I took it to bed with me. In fact I'm pushing it against my pussy right now.

LtEddie: It must be slick from your cooze. Wish I could taste it.

Sindee: I wish you could too. But first I'd

Wrechetin.

All dressed up
and nowhere
to go...



victims themselves—many of the nation's largest corporations—were notably ambivalent about a federal law, reticent to admit their losses to stockholders and fearful of arousing a backlash abroad in the global marketplace. "The bigger the stink you make, the more repercussions it can have," said Lynn Mattice, director of corporate security for the Whirlpool Corporation of Benton Harbor, Michigan, which, he said, spends more on appliance research than all its competitors combined. "Even though you're global," he said, "you have to act local."

Industry slowly awakened. Mattice and other corporate-security executives acknowledge that companies have been reducing or reexamining their filing of patents out of concern that foreigners were studying the material, not to see what ideas were protected by law—the purpose of patents, after all—

"Stealing America's secrets isn't like taking candy from a baby. It's often easier, according to law-enforcement officials."

but how they could obtain those ideas without paying.

In recent years American industry has bolstered security checks against espionage by foreign competitors. Despite such steps, many places still have poor security systems, according to a survey by the American Society for Industrial Security. Richard J. Heffernan, who conducted the survey, said that only three quarters of the responding companies had formal programs for safeguarding proprietary information. Of these, fewer than half had written policies and procedures; only 40 percent identified, classified, and marked proprietary information; only 15 percent monitored the use of the Internet, e-mail, and other information networks.

The companies, more than the government, knew just how vulnerable they were. Finally one firm, Kodak, an undisputed technological leader in its field, decided that enough was enough. What it did to protect its secrets helped persuade some other wary corporations that they needed a federal law to help protect their intellectual property.

It was no doubt a classic "Kodak moment." The date: August 24, 1995.

The place: Atlanta. The scene: Harold C. Worden, a senior industrial engineer who had retired from Kodak three years earlier, meeting with a Chinese official and a business consultant linked to that official.

In his 28-year career with the photographic giant in Rochester, New York, Worden had been a highly regarded innovator and manager. He was also civic-minded, serving four years as councilman in his upstate New York community and later as chairman of the board of deacons of his Presbyterian church. Now he was himself a consultant, having set up his own business, Worden Enterprises, in New York and South Carolina.

According to later court papers, Worden and his two visitors in Atlanta discussed confidential Kodak technology, including one of the company's prize inventions, a film-manufacturing breakthrough known as the "401 Machine," which Worden had helped develop over a period of five years at a cost to Kodak of tens of millions of dollars. Like many

large and innovative American corporations, Kodak was investing massively in research and development to stay competitive—around \$1 billion a year. As it happened, Worden was told, the Chinese wanted to build an acetate plant in Shantou, China. That's when Worden, who knew all about the chemical film base and the 401 Machine from his years at Kodak, said replicating the process in China would be "a piece of cake."

A little more than a year later Worden learned who his customers really were: two undercover Kodak employees, working a sting operation aimed at choking off the outflow of trade secrets. Worden and Kurt Strobl, a longtime associate then still at Kodak, were charged by Kodak last November in a federal civil racketeering lawsuit with using as many as 63 retired Kodak employees to siphon off company plans and formulas. The F.B.I. was close behind, descending on Worden and Strobl with search warrants for a criminal investigation.

Kodak claims to have documented the scheme. The defendants, of course, would have their say in court. Whatever the outcome, the Kodak anti-espionage

trap, along with a slew of subsequent criminal prosecutions, highlights the threat confronting America.

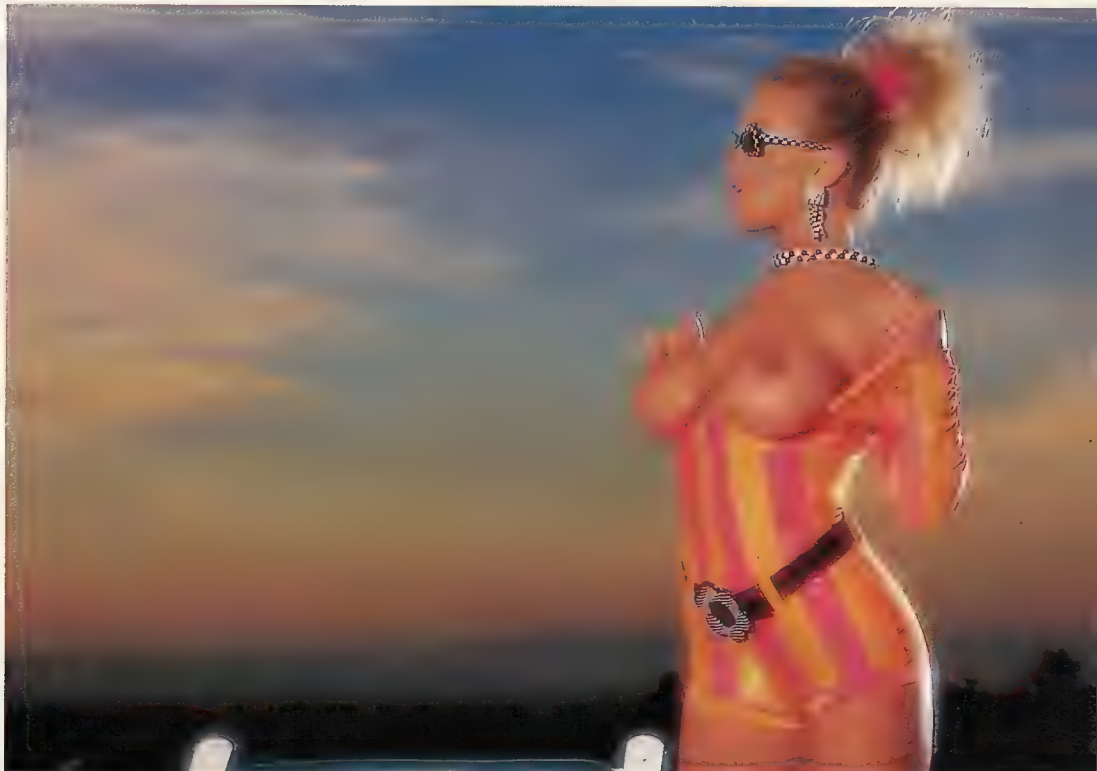
The Kodak case also demonstrates that industry itself may start to become more aggressive. Indeed, experts say, while it is unusual for a company to mount its own sting operation, it is freer to do so than such entities as the F.B.I., which must operate under stricter legal constraints.

As the record began overflowing with such case studies and testimony, resistance to federal action began to crumble. F.B.I. Director Freeh became more vocal in his demand for congressional action. In testimony before House and Senate committees last year, Freeh told Congress that since the new counterintelligence unit had begun work, cases of suspected economic espionage under investigation had doubled to 800, involving foreign nationals from some 23 countries. Another study, conducted by the American Society for Industrial Security, reported a more than threefold increase since 1992 in the number of corporate idea-theft cases, rising in 1995 to an average of 32 new cases a month.

Some critics of federal action, including states' rights voices, continued to argue that the F.B.I. was exaggerating the economic-espionage threat so as to win increased funding for a national-security establishment that had too much time on its hands after the end of the Cold War. Several local and state prosecutors and district attorneys dismissed the problem, saying they knew of no cases of economic espionage in their own cities or states.

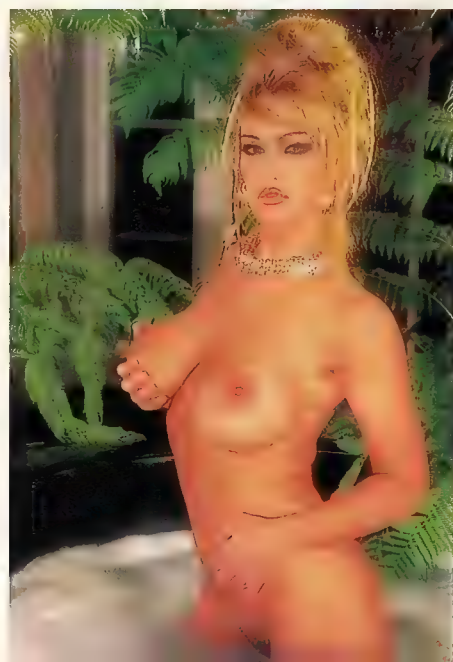
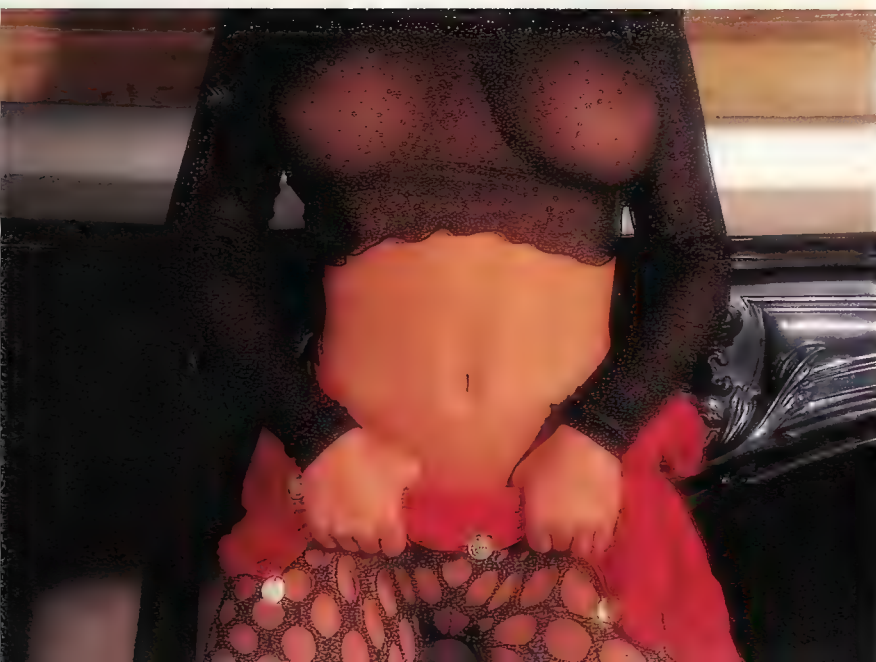
Senior F.B.I. and Justice Department officials reply that state and local law-enforcement officials are often simply "not in the loop" on these matters. When pressed for evidence or details about ongoing investigations, the F.B.I. routinely refuses to comment to Congress or state and local law-enforcement bodies, citing national-security reasons.

Late last year, with little fanfare, intellectual property finally gained broad new legal protection. In October President Clinton signed into law the Economic Espionage Act of 1996, making it a federal crime for the first time for anyone acting for a foreign company or power knowingly to receive, copy, or pass along trade secrets "whether tangible or intangible"—from concepts for music and film productions to biotechnical and pharmaceutical formulas, appliance blueprints, computer software, pricing data, and unclassified aerospace and defense systems—if the information has potential economic value and the owner has taken reasonable measures to keep it secret. The stiff penalties include imprisonment for



HEATHER

“I’ve become comfortable with all aspects of my sexuality. Once I get to know a man I tell him exactly what pleases me in bed.”





Embracing the season, our sensuous April Pet of the Month, Heather Kelly, soaks herself in springtime splendor, and shares mother nature's most breathtaking wonders with us. "I give 110 percent to everything I do, and I think that's apparent in these photos," says Heather with a glimmer in her eye. "Appearing in *Penthouse* is a big step for me, and for that I'm eternally grateful to Bob Guccione. My long-term goals involve more modeling, acting, and appearances in music videos."

NATURE GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



"I get very excited when I think of all the masculine energy that will be viewing my nude body," says our 34-23-33 wonder. "During the shoot I imagined that I was the sexiest woman in the world."





However glamorous, the yin to Heather's conscious yang is an intimate, soft side. "It's sometimes hard for me to open up to a man," she whispers privately. "I'm very protective of my feelings."



The embodiment of the American Dream, Heather's 29-year travels have found her residing in the states of New Mexico, Texas, New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island—just to name a few. "No matter where I'm living I like to work out at the gym, rent movies, and spend time with my cocker spaniel," she states. "But what I love to do the most is curl up with a steamy romance novel and lose myself in the stimulating lives of the characters. Danielle Steele is my favorite author."









"I'm dying to make love with two sexy women while the man in my life watches," she schemes. "Or better yet, I'd like to watch the women fondling my man and getting him off. I was a virgin until I was 18, and I've learned a lot since then. Most important, I've become comfortable with all aspects of my sexuality. Once I get to know a man I tell him exactly what pleases me in bed."



At her core Heather's just an old-fashioned gal who's flattered by such chivalrous deeds as opened doors and ladies first. But it's her instinct that rules in matters of love. Says our Pet: "When I meet a man I'd like to make love to, I usually get butterflies in my stomach right away." Say no more, Heather—in the name of valiant knights and true romance, our hats are off and our hearts aflutter.

To see more of Heather, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at <http://www.penthousemag.com>.





MISS HEATHER KELLY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





TONIC. JUICE. ROCKS. MAGIC.



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MILITARY *affairs*

As the Army's sexual-harassment scandal has been spreading from one base to another, it's important to recognize that much of the conventional wisdom about how to deal with the fallout from the integration of women into the ranks is false. The issue is certainly not new, in either the public or private sector. In the military, apart from the highly publicized Navy "Tailhook" mortification, most individual cases of sexual harassment have been handled outside the glare of publicity. This case-by-case approach failed to lay bare the large, hidden systemic problem: the abuse of power by persons in positions of authority who have no business fraternizing with their trainees, let alone sexually assaulting them.

What has now become a crisis could have been avoided, perhaps, if the Army had long ago wholeheartedly adopted a zero-tolerance policy toward sexual harassment, coupled with *real* punishments for malefactors. The reality of the problem has been dodged by finding a few insignificant scapegoats on whom to lay the blame. There is a need for something much more effective than protestations of moral outrage on the part of the secretary of the army and the chief of staff, and the pious call for an investigation to "get to the bottom of the situation."

These Band-Aids are doomed to fail. The time is long past to rely on so-called internal-chain teaching to purge the Army of its institutional sexual discrimination. Sexual harassment has been allowed to flourish because of the myopia of high-ranking military leaders and their penchant for careerism at the expense of the troops—both men and women. Implicit in this judgment is the fact that the Army has blown the opportunity to investigate itself. The senior Army leaders and civilian consultants on the panel are simply not credible, nor does the old saw that they will "report directly" to the secretary and the chief of staff dispel the suspicion that this is a business-as-usual cover-up in the making.

Left to its own devices, the Army has gotten itself into a lose-lose mode. The situation will only worsen as more information comes to light,

confirming that the pattern of harassment was known to persons in authority who had a responsibility to act and failed to do so. Their failure to use undercover personnel from Army counterintelligence to root out the sexual predators in all ranks, low and high, has done more to undermine the so-called special trust and confidence along the Army's chain of command than anything the social engineers in the White House and the Pentagon have dreamed up in the past dozen years.

The men of America's military have to come to grips with the reality that women are in its ranks to stay, and will constitute an ever-increasing percentage of the active and reserve forces. There isn't space here to go deeply into the psychological basis of the fears of and threats to collective manhood posed by women in the armed services. The question

is how best to choke off an epidemic of sexual harassment in the ranks. The institutional investigative approach mentioned above is not apt to be effective.

It's time for Congress to exercise its constitutional authority and come up with a new legal code that reflects the changes in American society brought about by the Civil Rights Acts and

the affirmative force of anti-sexual-harassment statutes. Just as the Articles of War and the Articles for the Government of the Navy were updated after World War II, the time for change in the current Uniform Code of Military Justice (1951–1953) is at hand.

The only credible response—and the government must immediately respond—is to establish a Joint House-Senate Select Committee to investigate this scandal thoroughly, subpoena witnesses from throughout the Department of Defense and its subordinate organizations, take testimony under oath, recommend legislation to provide for the structural reform of military justice, and dismiss from the armed services those officers and non-commissioned officers who have abused their positions of trust and confidence. Failure to take these admittedly draconian actions in prompt fashion can only gravely undermine military readiness.—William R. Corson



The men of America's military have to come to grips with reality: Women are now in their ranks to stay.

HOWARD TAKES

The King of All Media puts another notch on his gun.





HOWARD STERN



★ You see from the cover that Howard Stern is *Penthouse's* 1997 Man of the Year. It is certain to be a year of unique accomplishment for the King of All Media. His first film, *Private Parts*, from Paramount Pictures, is guaranteed to be one of the top-grossing movies of all time (no pun intended). And in the June issue of *Penthouse* Howard will direct his first magazine photo feature—page after page of sizzling and sultry pictorials depicting his darkly mysterious sexual fantasies. Does he want to wrest the crown of King of Erotica from publisher Bob Guccione? Yes, indeed—there's nothing beyond Howard's overweening ambition. "It's only a matter of time before I claim the title," he declares. "After all, Bob's been at it longer than I have."

Howard took second place to no actor, however, when it came to his starring role in *Private Parts*, which is based on his record-selling autobiography of



the same title. The book's success was so phenomenal, instantly taking up residency on the top of the best-seller lists, "that before you could turn around Hollywood came knocking," he says, chuckling.

Howard's fans know that as much as he says he loves money, at heart he's a compulsive perfectionist—although he did acknowledge he would add subtitles in ebonics if that would attract bigger audiences. "As much as I wanted to make a movie," the leader of the Stern

Gang recalls, "I'd tell them, 'How can you make a film out of *Private Parts*? As a book it's not structured, it's all over the place. It's radio material, stuff about my life, anecdotal.' But they didn't let up, so I said, 'Fuck it. I'll do it.'"

So, in Howard's words, this is how he did it:

"Every two weeks I would get scripts from Hollywood, and as soon as I read them I knew they weren't right. I had the right to turn down any script I thought sucked, and each script was worse than the one before. They were like all the other shit coming out of Hollywood.

"So the movie guys were pissed, and said to me: 'You're really afraid to make a movie.' Yeah, *right!* I'm the guy who bared his ass cheeks on MTV. I'm not afraid of anything. I kept telling them that these were shitty scripts and I wasn't going to become a failure because of them."

But the pressure increased, and final-

"You'll know everything you want to know about me in less than



ly the movie moguls made the ultimate threat. "If I didn't agree to a script real soon, they would get Jeff Goldblum to play me in the movie." The threat worked, and Howard turned to a friend, super-producer Ivan Reitman, to save him.

"Hey, what better authority on comedies than Ivan Reitman?" he says. "Here's a guy who has worked with Bill Murray, John Belushi, Harrison Ford, and even Bugs Bunny's co-star, Michael Jordan." Reitman chose Len Blum as his writer because Blum had the talent and experience to take nearly 40 years of Howard's life and turn it into a one-hour-and-40-minute movie.

However, Reitman warned Howard: "Here's how I work: I'm going away for six months. You won't see or hear from me, but when I return you will have a script for the movie." True to his word, Reitman returned in six months and presented a script by him and Blum.



Howard's response was: "*Voilà*"—the only French word he knows—"we have a movie." But what kind of movie?

"This is not one of those over-the-top Pauly Shore comedies," Howard declares. "You're not going to see me running around with hermaphrodites or Coneheads. It's more like one of the original Woody Allen movies—you know, when he was funny. You'll be eavesdropping on my life, and more. You'll know everything you want to know about me in less than two hours of sit-

ting in a theater. It's funny, intimate, and more.

"It's *Rocky*, but about broadcasting, not boxing. You take a doofus—me—who wants to be a broadcaster but has no ability whatsoever. He's no communicator, has no presence, and even his father thinks he's a moron. But the guy is determined to succeed. Like *Rocky*, he's going to beat the odds and become the champion of radio."

Howard recalls how he went from radio station to radio station, always with the same result. He was told he had no form and should think about alternative careers. Every boss was the same, Howard continues. "They knew it all. They were going to teach me and tame me. But they only frustrated me and then fired me. The actors who play my bosses—from my first employer, an Israeli who would scream and carry on hysterically about how shitty I was, to my final boss at NBC, 'Pig Virus'—are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

two hours of sitting in a theater. It's funny, intimate, and more."

other's company over a nice dinner of lobster and a bottle of wine. Afterward we walked through the nearby park and talked about everything. Knowing we were there to enjoy the time away and, quite frankly, have some wild sex, I asked my wife if there was anything special she wanted me to do tonight. We've always been honest, but she always held back something. I never pushed it, but I knew it was there. When you've been married 18 years you can sense these things.

She said there was one thing, but she had never said anything about it because she didn't want it to sound like a complaint. She told me that although she liked giving me blowjobs, she didn't love it, and she felt guilty about that—seeing that I really got off eating her hairy pussy. I wasn't really surprised, but I asked her what I could do, if anything, to change her feelings. She kind of hesi-

not a hair in sight. "Now I want you to do the same. Shave for me." I lathered up my private parts and slowly drew the razor over the stubble. As I did, and more skin was exposed, it felt electric down there. I couldn't believe the feeling. I was very careful shaving myself as I watched my wife finger her smooth pussy while she sat spread-eagled. I gently shaved my balls smooth while she watched in approval.

"Stand up and bend over," she demanded. "I want to shave your ass hole too." As she gently shaved the hair around my ass hole, she slid a finger deep inside ... the first time she'd ever done that. The sensation of her finger up my ass and the razor shaving off the last of my pubes was too much—I shot all over the tub.

Funny thing, though. I didn't really get soft, and I came harder than I ever have. We played around for hours afterward, eventually losing count of our orgasms.

That was over a year ago, and while my wife has sometimes let her pubes

moans and squirms with pleasure.

I lick my fingers to taste the joy I give her. She removes the vibrator from my wet pussy. Knowing what I want, she thrusts it into my ass, fucking me hard and fast, still sucking and fingering me, just the way I like it. I follow her lead, wanting to come in unison. It won't take long now.

Feeling closer to climax, we fuck each other harder and faster. We moan louder and louder until finally we come together in a wave of erotic pleasure. We lick and suck each other's warm juices till our eyes register empty. I pull my dildo out and climb off her.

Turning around, I see her pretty face full of my come, and together we blend our juices in a long, wet kiss.—*R. D., Ontario*

THE OLDER THE BETTER

I must have been in some kind of trance as I stared at the beautiful older woman in the bookstore. I gazed at her tits, dreaming about gently nibbling her taut nipples. I guess she noticed me staring, because I was suddenly yanked from my trance by a hand waving in front of my face. I apologized profusely. She didn't seem to mind. With a sweet smile she asked if I liked Picasso. I managed to mumble a yes, and before I knew it we were talking.

I had a hard time concentrating on our conversation, though. My eyes were continually drawn to those magnificent breasts. She kept smiling, obviously flattered by the attention. Our talk centered on the different artists that we admired. She said she had an entire collection of art books in her apartment, and asked if I would like to come by and see it. I couldn't believe it, a gorgeous older woman asking me to go back to her place, even if it was only to look at some books. I guess art-history class wasn't such a waste after all.

So we hopped into her BMW and were off. Her apartment was right around the corner; we were there in no time. She went into the kitchen to get us something to drink, and I occupied myself in looking at some of the paintings in the living room. I didn't hear her come back, and when I finally turned around she was seductively staring at me. I was so nervous I couldn't help looking at the floor. My shyness must have turned her on.

She asked me to come closer, and like an obedient boy I obeyed. I looked up. She was staring straight into my eyes. Like a drill sergeant she had me down on my knees. Once again I obeyed, with all the enthusiasm of a new recruit, and soon found myself staring right into her crotch. Then she suggested I unbuckle her belt. My hands were shaking with anticipation as the belt dropped to the floor. Next she

"I was very careful shaving myself as I watched my wife finger her smooth pussy while she sat spread-eagled."

tated, then asked me if I would mind shaving my pubic hair. See, I have very long, thick pubes, and apparently she can't really get at my cock as well as she would like to. I told her that if that was it, I would shave for her tonight, and if she wanted to watch, she could. Her eyes lit up like a Christmas tree, as we practically ran back to the room.

She drew me a bath in the large claw-foot tub, and lit the room with candles. As she took off my clothes she stopped to glance at the hair surrounding my now semi-erect tool. "It's good, but we can make it better," she said. She had brought her manicure kit, and as I sat on the edge of the tub she offered to trim off the bulk of the long hair with scissors, so the shaving would go easier. As she delicately snipped off the thick, long hair, I could feel my excitement building. The more hair that came off, the hornier I got, and judging by the look on her face my wife was just as hot. There was a large pile of my shorn pubes on the floor, with the only hair remaining a short stubble. "Soak in the tub for a bit; I have to show you something," she said.

As I lay there soaking she stripped off her clothes and showed me that she had shaved her cunt absolutely clean ...

grow back, I have kept mine smooth shaven. Our sex life has never been better. It looks like I'm going to be a shaver for a long time, and you know what, I would recommend it to anyone, male or female.—*J. J., New York*

GOOD FRIENDS

I see her naked body in my bed and my mouth waters, wanting to taste her moist pussy. Wasting no time, I remove my clothes. Hungry for her warm tongue to be inside me, I kneel across her face. Her naturally red hair tickles my thighs.

I run my soft hands slowly down her firm figure, and reach for her perfection. Accomplishing their goal, my fingers spread her lips to reveal her sweet spot. I close my eyes and moan. She tastes so good. As I suck that sweet spot I feel it swell in my mouth, letting my tongue play with it inside. I finger her at the same time, penetrating deeper and deeper. She returns the favor, but that's not good enough. Sensing my needs, she reaches for her vibrator and toys with my pussy, teasing me some more. I grab my dildo, wanting her to feel the same pleasure I had just experienced, but I don't tease. I spread her lips and ram it into her again and again. She



GINA & SONJA





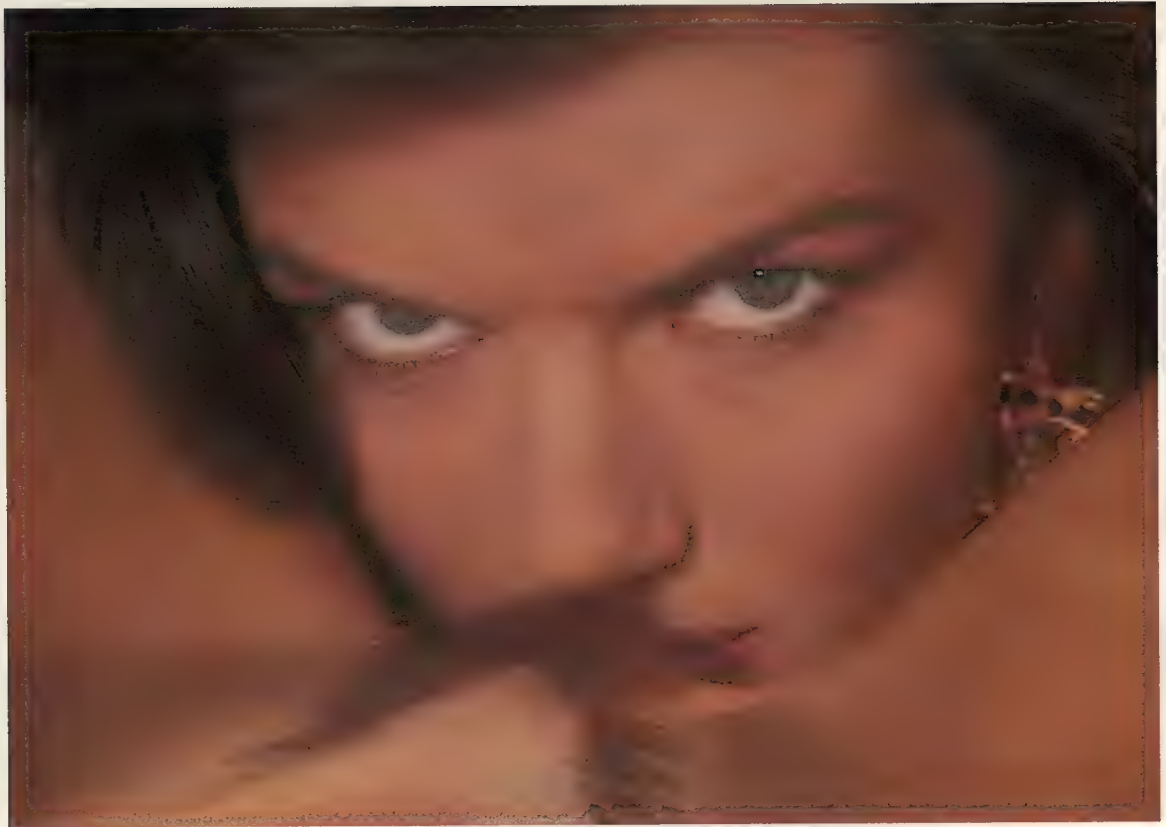
It was the most exquisite *objet* in the store's collection of paper-weights, snow globes, music boxes, and other desktop flights of fancy—a wondrous glass-walled world where beautiful women unfasten their garments on demand, and kiss and fondle each other right there in the palm of your hand. Turn it this way and that and the tiny dancers spill into each other's arms in a never-ending series of sinuous embraces.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Under careful examination, the precious box reveals Sonja kissing a wet trail down to Gina's silken fur.





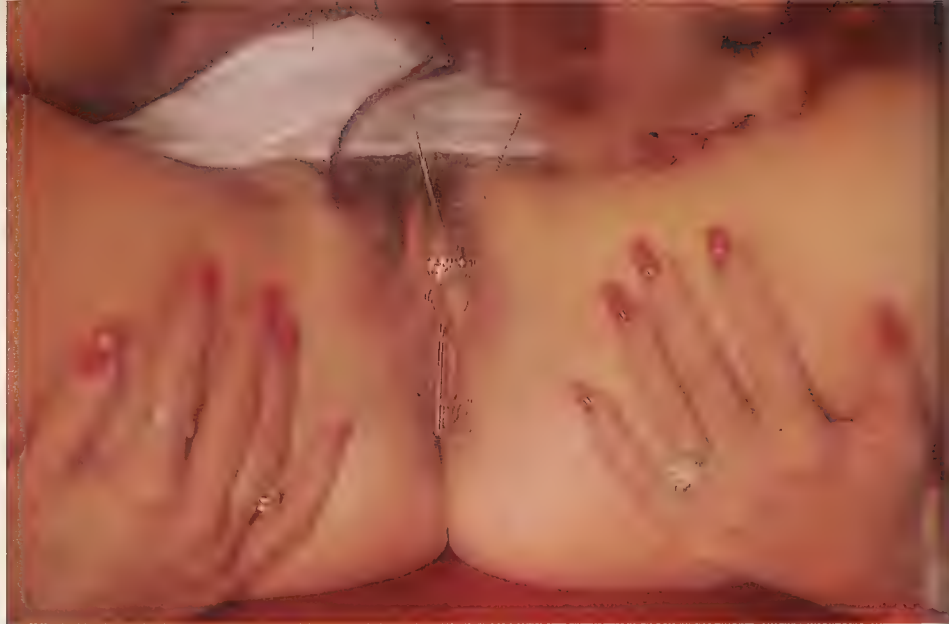
It all seems so real. An observer blushes at the impossible notion that he has caught Sonja's gaze. She seems to peer sharply at the intruder. He blinks, rubs his eyes, and Sonja's attention has returned to the feast spread wide open before her. She pushes into Gina with a steady, hungry rhythm.







Look again and find
two pretty girls in lace and
pearls, their delicately
fluted skirts rising just high
enough to allow the
point of a tongue to slip
and slide down the shivery
line between dreaming
and doing.



The sighs of delight are almost audible as they tumble round and round in their little hothouse, tongue against tongue, tongue against nipple, nipple against the lightly brushing razor's edge of a perfectly manicured fingernail.







Enacting a
fresh scenario
with every
gentle shake
of their love
chamber,
the living
dolls remain
locked
together in
eternal
ecstasy. 



The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

- What did they call Pocahontas's gay brother? Pokahiney.

• The pope wakes up with a boner and decides he's gonna run off a batch. He's yankin' his Franklin and he's just about to launch his tadpoles when a guy comes bursting into the bedroom and takes his picture.

The pope jumps up and freaks out. He says, "Give me that camera! Give me that film! You'll ruin me! I'm the pope!"

The guy says, "You're crazy. I'm gonna sell this picture to the tabloids and make myself a fortune."

The pope says, "Please.... I've got five thousand dollars—take it for the camera."

Finally the guy agrees, and the pope puts the camera on the dresser.

A few hours later, in comes a group for an audience with the pope, and in front is a little Japanese guy. He sees the camera on the dresser and says, "Ahh—you have camera?"

The pope says, "Why, yes, I have a camera."

The Japanese guy says, "Ahh—how much you pay for camera?"

The pope says, "Five thousand dollars."

The Japanese guy says, "Ahh—they must have seen you comin'."

• President Clinton is out jogging. He slips on a damp bridge, hits his head, and falls into an icy river. Three kids see it happen. They jump in and save him.

When he comes to, he says, "Boys, you saved the President of the United States of America. You each deserve a reward. You name it, and I'll give it to you."

The first kid says, "I'd like a ticket to Disneyland."

The President says, "I'll take care of it personally."

The second boy says, "I'd like a pair of Nike Air Turbos."

The President says, "I'll buy them myself and give them to you."

The third kid says, "I'd like a wheelchair with a built-in stereo."

The President says, "I'll personally ... Wait a second, you're not handicapped."

The kid says, "I will be when my father finds out who I saved from drowning."

• A middle-aged Jewish guy is out to dinner with his wife to celebrate her 40th birthday.

He says, "So what would you like, Sylvia? A diamond ring? A sable coat? A Rolls-Royce?"

She says, "Bernie, I want a divorce."

He says, "I wasn't planning on spending that much."

- An Italian couple get married, and that night he goes down on her and stays there for six hours.

The next morning they sleep through breakfast. When they go for lunch they order spaghetti. The waiter puts a plate of spaghetti in front of the husband, and just as the waiter is walking away, the husband starts freaking out. "Waiter! Waiter! Get the fuck back here!"

The waiter runs over to see what's wrong. The guy says, "Waiter, there's a hair in my spaghetti! Get it the fuck out of here! There's a hair in my spaghetti! Get it the fuck out of here!"

The waiter says, "Yes, sir," and takes it away.

The wife looks over at her new husband, and says, "Sal, aren't you being somewhat of a hypocrite? Last night you had your face full of hair for six hours."

He says, "How long do you think I would've been down on you if there was a noodle in there?"

- It's a brutally hot day, and the Lone Ranger and Tonto ride up to a saloon. The Lone Ranger says, "Tonto, I'm going in for a beer. But it's so hot, I think you should do laps around the horses to stir up a breeze and cool them off a bit."

Tonto says, "Ugh, kemo sabe."

The Lone Ranger goes in and starts drinking and bullshitting about how his family and the rangers were ambushed and slaughtered, and how he wound up wearing the mask and the tights, and he just keeps yakking and yakking.

A few hours later a guy walks into the bar, and says, "Hey, Mac, you left your Injun running."

- How do you make a woman make a sound like a dolphin?

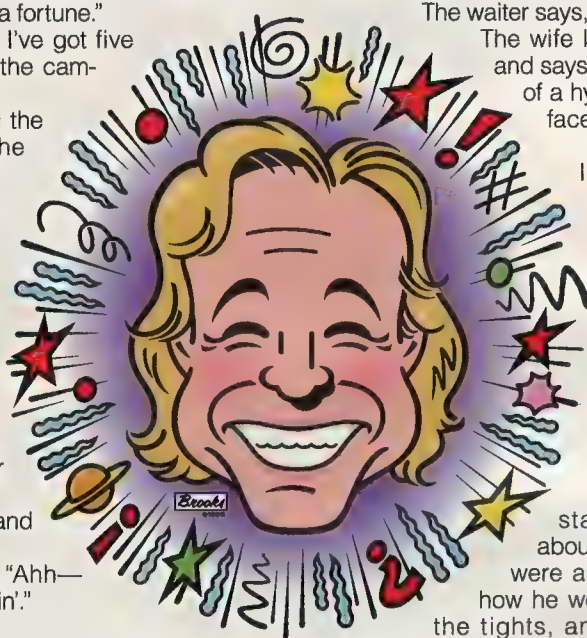
Flip her over and try to fuck her in the ass. She'll go, "Eh-eh ... eh-eh."

- One night Pinocchio's girlfriend says to him, "This stinks. Every time we make love I get splinters." So Pinocchio goes to Gepetto to ask his advice.

Gepetto says, "Sandpaper, my boy, that's all you need."

A few days later Gepetto runs into Pinocchio and says, "So how are you doing with the girls now?"

Pinocchio says, "Who needs girls?"



For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at <http://www.jackiejokeman.com>. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his Sgt. Pecker CD.

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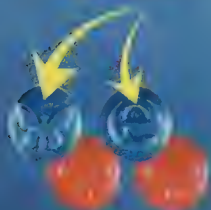


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THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF
AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

By Gary Warren

**It's tanned,
rested,
ready—and
dead.**

Inside a polished glass case under a spotlight in a posh East Side gallery in New York City stands the oldest known "wood" in the world. In case you're having trouble getting hard on your own, a mere \$10,000 can make you the owner of a 200-year-old mummified erection, on display at the always fascinating Arte Primitivo Gallery at 3 East 65th Street.

Perhaps the ultimate conversation piece for your recreation room, this fully inflated penis stands tall in its function as the "linchpin," so to speak, of Arte Primitivo's show "The Macabre, the Bizarre, and the Supernatural." Attached to the pubic bone, the penis is dried and brown with age, but still measures a not-too-shabby seven and a half inches. Purportedly, it was once attached to an Englishman who was publicly hanged for unspecified crimes. Still stiff after all these years, the admirable dong easily ranks as the longest cock stand on record, even if the owner isn't getting a lot of pleasure from it these days.

How did it—so to speak—come about? When a man is hanged, the blood rushes out of the big head and moves directly toward the lit-



tle head, inflating the soft chambers of the penis on the way. Since the big head holds a lot more blood than the little head, the pressure on the male member is intense and gives most hanged men the erection of a lifetime, or what is left of it. (Note: This phenomenon has caused a number of clueless males to attempt duplication—hopefully short of suicide—with various methods of autoerotic asphyxiation. Many have been found dead as a result. The practice definitely belongs under the heading "Don't try this at home—*ever!*").

The specimen on display was removed from the victim (there were lots of public-hanging victims in eighteenth-century

England) after rigor mortis had set in, leaving the erection in a state of permanent wave. Howard Rose, the proprietor of Arte Primitivo, acquired the valiant charger in 1981 and has had it in his private collection ever since. As to the rarity of the penis, Rose comments, "I've had several offers to buy it over the years. In my twenty-five years in this business I've only seen one other mummified penis for sale."

Rose acquired the piece from the collection of a Louis Toth, who purchased it in the early 1960s from a shop called Juergens, on Second Avenue in New York City. Rose says, "The story I got goes like this: Old Man Juergens brought it back to the United States after a

buying trip to England. He'd purchased it from the estate of a depraved 'friend' of Oscar Wilde's. After Toth got hold of the penis it remained in his private museum collection until ten years after his death." At that point Rose obtained the penis from Toth's estate after some stiff negotiating.

Rose says, "I've always had a fascination with things related to death, or just totally off the wall." Glancing around the Arte Primitivo Gallery, one notes such items as an actual shrunken head (deboned, from the Jivaro head-hunters), along with a Tibetan ewer (a kind of pitcher) made from two opposing human craniums, and a terracotta statue featuring two dancing couples in Victorian dress flanked by a Grim Reaper fiddling crossed leg bones. Indeed, the world's oldest erection fits snugly into the general tone and theme of Arte Primitivo.

Under its spotlight and in its case, the erection looks to be a permanent feature of the gallery. But given its size and provenance, we feel sure there's someone in New York City who would pay almost any price to get his or her hands on it.

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- **PENILE LENGTHENING**
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asked me to pull down her tan skirt. She unzipped the back as I slid the skirt down over her perfect hips. It was obvious that I was nervous. She smiled, ran her fingers through my hair, and whispered for me to take off her underwear. I willingly obliged, and what I saw was amazing. A beautifully trimmed brown bush glistening with anticipation. I looked up sheepishly. Her only words were "Eat me."

I dove in with the vigor of a schoolboy. Her juice streamed down my chin as I devoured her. I grabbed her firm ass, and could feel it clench with pleasure as she let out moan after moan after moan. In a reflex, she grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face deeper into her slit. Her knees buckled with delight, and she dropped to the floor.

Her legs spread wide and her back arched as she writhed on the carpet. She pulled my hair and shoved my face in deeper. Her whole body convulsed with pleasure. I had never been with a woman like this. She was so loud, I thought the whole building would hear. The sound of her lust spurred me on, and my tongue lapped her cunt like a thirsty dog soaking up water. She came

with a furious burst. Her whole body tightened and her thighs wrapped around my head. I kept eating her as she came over and over again.

With nearly all her energy spent, her legs loosened their grip and her passionate moans turned to heavy breathing. She looked at me and smiled. Without missing a beat, she told me to stand and drop my pants. Not wanting to disobey, I did so. She watched mischievously, staring at my rock-hard member as it quietly emerged. Her look alone could have made me come.

She got on all fours and crawled toward me. She took my cock in her hand and started gently massaging it. Her hands were soon replaced by her mouth, as her soft red lips totally engulfed my cock. I had never felt anything so soft and so warm. I looked down as her head bobbed back and forth below. Her eyes were closed as her mouth slid up and down the entire length of my shaft. Her mouth began to move in time with my groans. She took my balls in one hand, and with the other she began caressing my ass. She slid her fingers between my cheeks, teasing me with her touch. I let out a low moan. She opened her eyes and looked up at me longingly.

That was the final straw. I couldn't hold back any longer. I looked down

and she closed her eyes. Her bright red lips swallowed me whole. I exploded into her mouth like a cannon. She never even flinched. She attacked my cock with increased fervor, and still managed to keep time with my groans. She didn't stop until my moans began to subside. She opened her eyes and looked up with a smile. Completely drained, I fell asleep with her head against my chest. The funny thing is, I never even got to put her tits in my mouth. I guess that's something I have to look forward to next time.—J. K., Texas

DESSERT BEFORE DINNER

Lynn and I had only been dating a short while. Although we anticipated our first lovemaking with much excitement, we hadn't had sex in any form up to this point. I was at her house, in the kitchen, making us dinner. On our last previous date Lynn had told me she was more than curious about what my cock looked like. Well, always aiming to please, I had worn jogging pants that evening because of their ease of removal. As I was stirring the dinner on the stove, Lynn came up from behind and, placing a hand on my thin nylon pants, grabbed me in the place of her keen interest. It was already fairly rigid just from being in her presence, but I was now getting harder by the second. She spun me around and asked, "Now do I get to take a peek?"

I didn't even have time to say yes before she had lowered my pants to my ankles and was down on her knees staring at the object of her hunger. She asked if she could kiss it, and of course I don't need to tell you my response. After one tender kiss on the head of my pulsating shaft, she took me deep into her mouth and gave me the most wonderful blowjob of my life. After she completed this sexiest of all acts, Lynn swallowed, licked her lips, and jubilantly said, "Wow, nothing like dessert before dinner."—J. P., California

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MEDISCARE

SATIRE BY FRANK COTHAM



"Is there a doctor in the house who treats the uninsured?"



"Your entire immune system is shot, Mr. Bimstock, but, more important, so is your insurance."



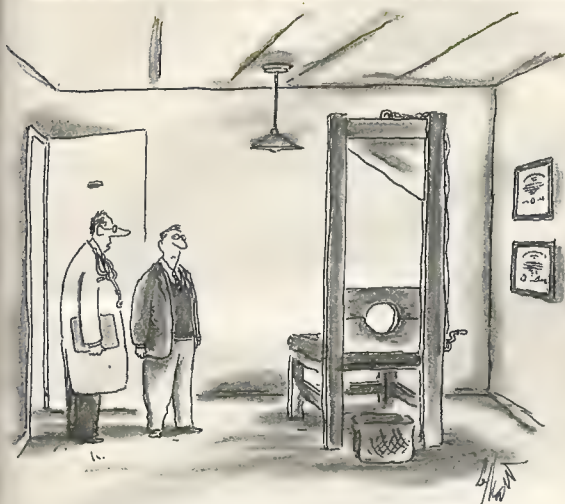
"Read me the part about doctors being incompetent, uncaring, and overpaid."



"Before discussing your general medical profile, Mr. Dorfman, we'd like your lawyer to be present."



"Naturally your hand-eye coordination will be severely compromised."



"We like to think of it as cutting edge...."



"I'm going to give you a shot; then I'm going to have one."



"Medical science, Robert, is not all hit or miss."



"The bad news is you can't have children—
the good news is we can all relax."

By Al Goldstein

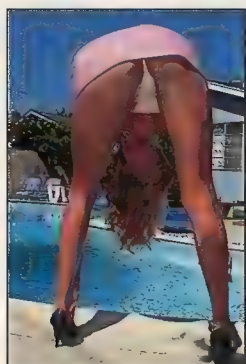
Emotional problems in an adult video? Must be a Candida Royalle production.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Deep Seven

(VCA) **1111**

It's disorienting, having a long-term view of something as spur-of-the-moment as smut. It's like being a connoisseur of used tissue. I have to say, though, when I was watching Henri



His epic eighties melodrama, *Taboo, American Style*, remains one of the best smut films of all time. A second reason is that this new one, *Deep Seven*, reminds me fondly of the days of "loops," as 8mm shorties used to be called—from the loops of film in a peepshow. *Deep Seven* is basically seven loop-style dramas: short, intense, erotic encounters, the dirtier the better. This one shows that an old master can still blow the newcomers right out of the water. I especially liked the Rollerblade orgy—a new take on an age-old situation.

able to the faint-of-heart—specifically, the female faint-of-heart. Royalle's gone to work here to create a soap opera replete with sex. Her main concession to women is the avoidance of what is called "the money shot," a.k.a. the come shot. Since I've always felt it was a ridiculous adult-video convention, I don't miss it. You might. But you'll still appreciate Jeanna Fine as a tough chick who makes her living doing what amounts to boudoir video, taping couples fucking. When it comes her turn to get down with it, she runs into trouble. Emotional problems in an adult

Darkman, formerly one half of the Dark Brothers, has maintained his high-camp style throughout his up-and-down career, and in his solo career after his brother retired. *Snake Pit* is packed with dress-up masquerade and over-the-top scenarios. Dark even alludes to Ingmar Bergman's *The Seventh Seal*—how's that for reaching for the stars? Selena shines here as the ultimate Whore of Babylon in Dark's passion play, but he coaxes good performances (if you can call doing what comes naturally a "performance") out of Leah Martini, Roxanne Hall, and a newcomer with the evocative name of Dawn Burning. Sometimes you want to scream at Dark, "Cut the shtick and get to the fuck!"—but mostly you ride the wild roller coaster right along with him.

TWO FOR THE DOUGH

Dirty Stories 2 and 3 (Plush) **111**

Sooner or later every porn stud in the stable is going to come with his own series. *Dirty Stories* represents actor Jon Dough's attempt to play the part of voyeur-participant, the same role made notorious by John Stagliano's Buttman. The results are uneven here, but Dough exhibits a sure hand in recruiting new talent in a variety of vérité situations. **C+**



Pachard's superb new video, *Deep Seven*, I was thinking of the old days. For a couple of reasons. One, of course, is that Henri Pachard, a.k.a. Ron Sullivan, is a director straight out of the golden age of porn.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

My Surrender (Femme) **1111**

You either like Candida Royalle's approach to adult video or you don't. She's a pioneer in the realm of making hard-core porn palat-

able to the faint-of-heart. Royalle's gone to work here to create a soap opera replete with sex. Her main concession to women is the avoidance of what is called "the money shot," a.k.a. the come shot.

GARDEN OF EATIN'

Snake Pit

(Evil Angel) **1111**

Hide the women. Gregory Dark is making videos again. The

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learn to enjoy your lover 'coming' in your mouth and swallowing his semen. There's nothing in an ejaculation that's in any way harmful to swallow."

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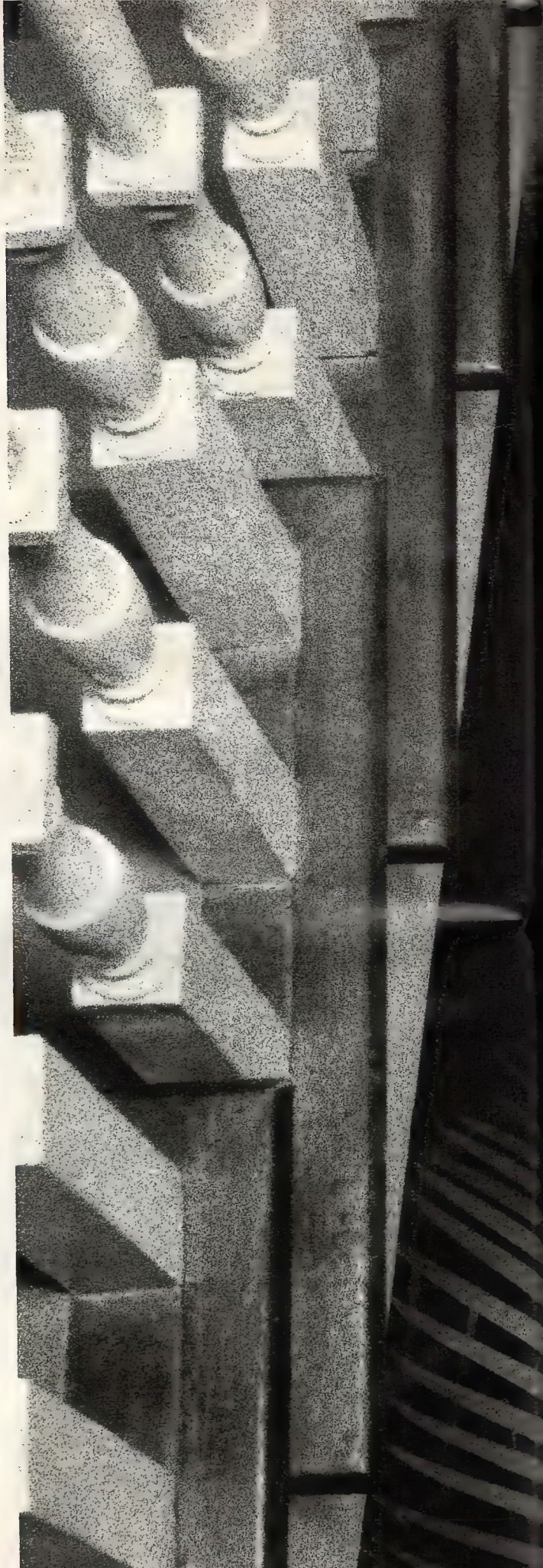
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SWEET NOTHINGS

Enthusiastic reader response to Tony Ward's photography in our September 1996 issue encouraged us to invite him back for an even more intimate glimpse of his artistry in action. The concept behind these pictures? To record the most natural impulses and nuances that occur when two sexually charged, breathtakingly beautiful women make real love for the first time. Paulette Fallon has been Ward's star model for more than four years. A seasoned professional, the leggy brunette has proved that she'll do whatever is necessary to help achieve Ward's creative vision. On the other hand, until this shoot the fair Nikki—Ward's newest protégée—had had no modeling experience and had never even *kissed* another woman. Fortunately, her trust in Ward and her fascination with the gorgeous Paulette helped her overcome her virginial jitters. "We started very gently with light caressing and soft words," recalls Ward, "but the attraction between Paulette and Nikki was so strong, it wasn't long before they created their own unstoppable momentum."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY WARD







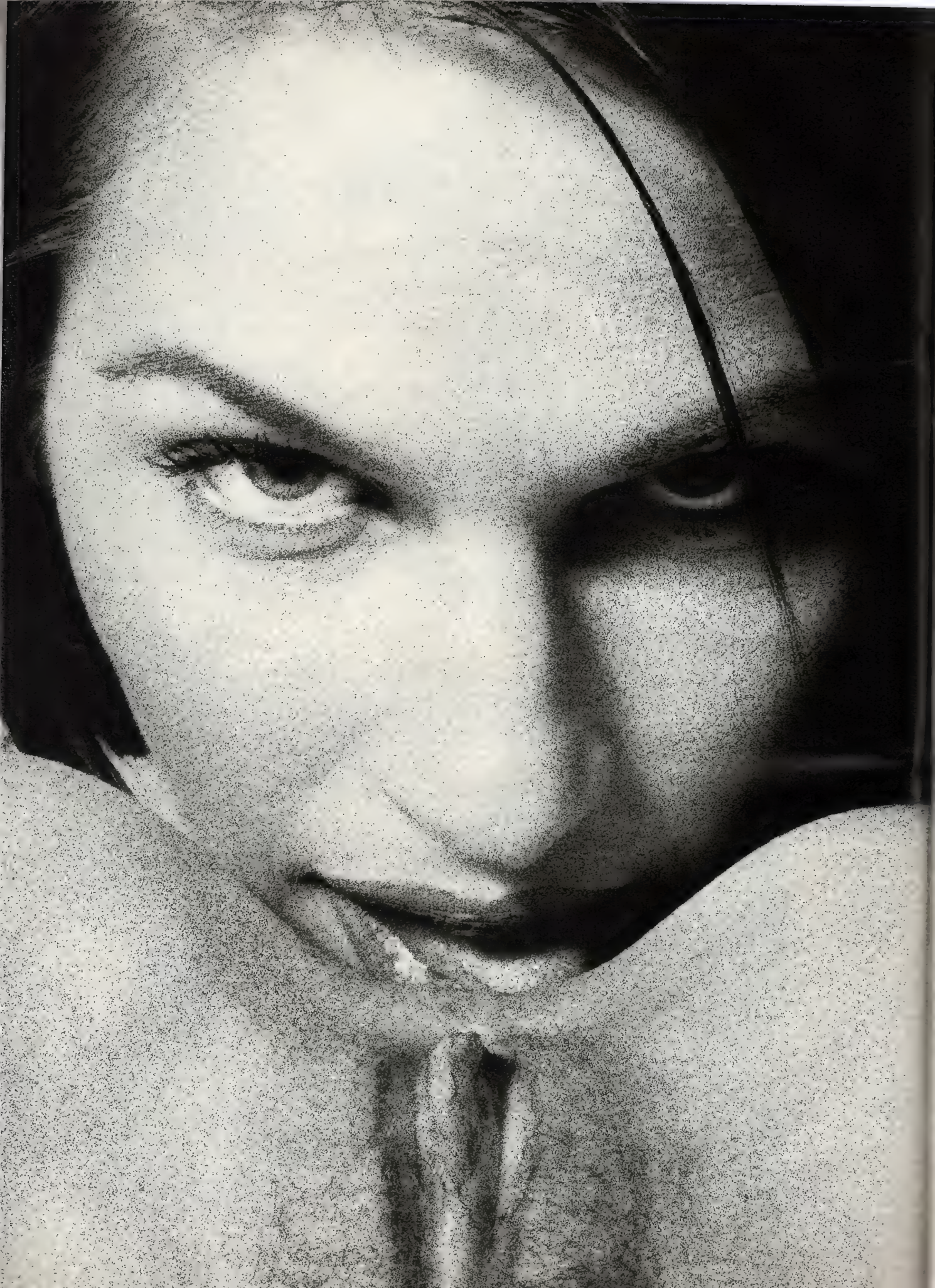
"Not only is Paulette beautiful, highly intelligent, and has an absolutely striking figure," says Ward of his favorite subject, "but she also has a way of making everyone feel comfortable."





"I set up the
basic
concepts,"
says
Ward, "but
the chemistry
between
the models
decides
the real heat
and direction
of a shoot.
Paulette and
Nikki, it turns
out, were
absolutely
right for
each other."





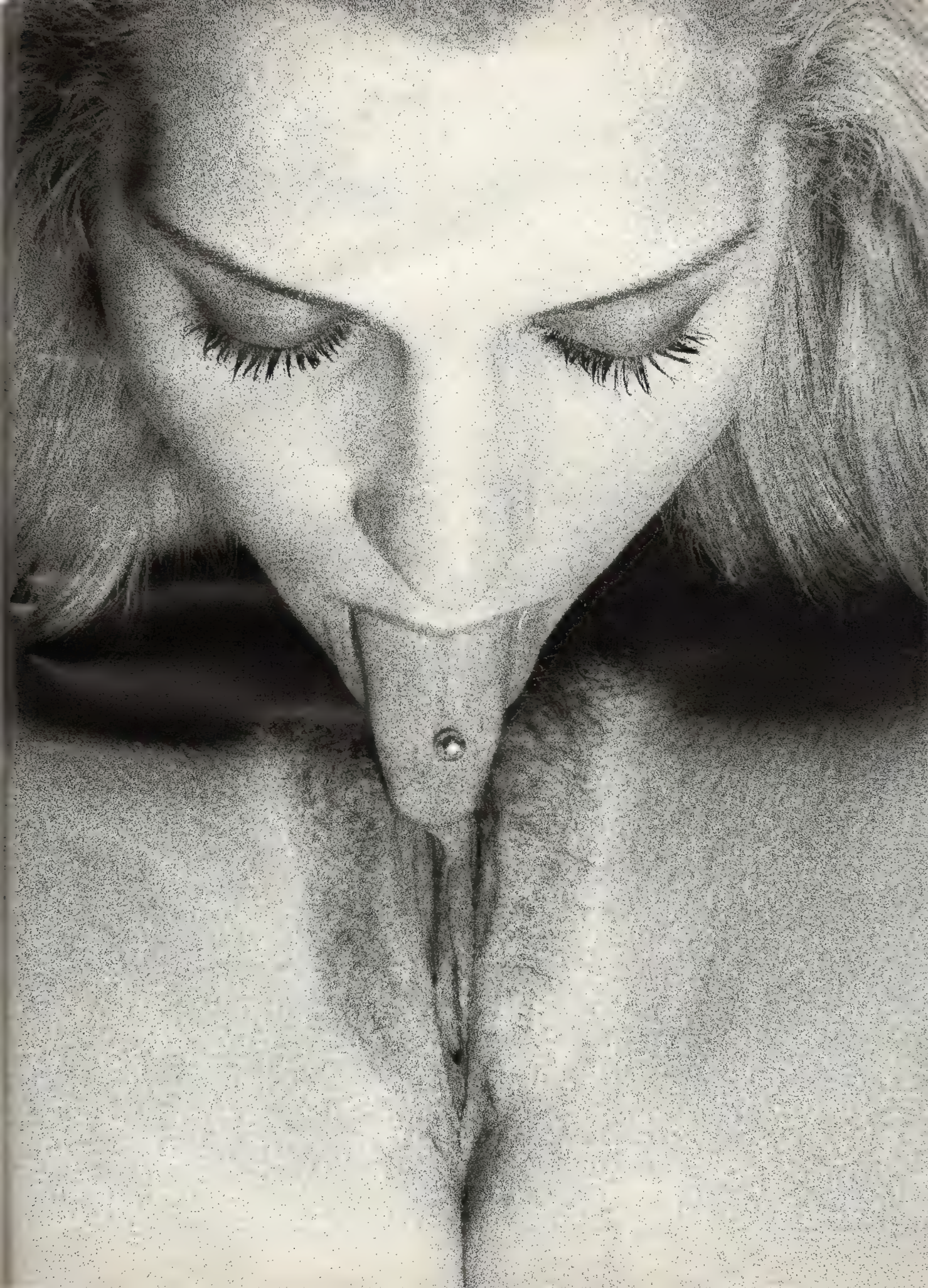
Simple
images often
elicit extreme
emotions,
subconscious
longings
that have
been
hidden deep
beneath
the surface.
Thus Ward's
most stirring
photographs
often
illustrate
the adage
"Less
is more."





Despite two days of lights and makeup and repeated sensual configurations, the women made quick work of finding each other's secret pleasure points. The result, as Ward indicated, is genuine and spontaneous.

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PIRATES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

up to 15 years and personal fines of up to \$500,000 (\$10 million for a company or organization).

As a result the government will no longer be forced to pursue such cases through the more tangential mail- and wire-fraud statutes and the 1930s automobile-inspired law barring interstate transportation of stolen property. Ideas *in themselves* now qualify for federal protection; they need no longer be embodied in a product.

An increase in enforcement actions and convictions under the new law will come slowly, experts agree. Even the Kodak case, if it comes to a criminal prosecution and trial, will undoubtedly be brought under the traditional statutes, since the injury predates the new legislation. But from now on the government has a powerful new weapon.

Its proponents note that the said law was drafted to target those who intentionally misappropriate secrets for a foreign power, not those who change jobs or engage in ordinary competition. "These economic secrets are our crown jewels," said Congressman Charles E. Schumer (D-N.Y.), a co-sponsor of the bill in the House. The Economic Espionage Act, he said, "will send a clear message to foreign governments, including France and many other of our traditional allies, that the U.S. is no longer shrugging its shoulders."

Similar legislation had been sponsored by Wisconsin Democratic Senator Herb Kohl and Republican Senators Specter of Pennsylvania and William S. Cohen of Maine. Now, as President Clinton's new secretary of defense, Cohen—who is also a novelist and poet—is likely to give even higher priority to the protection of American intellectual creativity.

"This is a twenty-first-century law to deal with a twenty-first-century problem," said Jeremiah V. Doyle, chief of the global section of the F.B.I.'s National Security Division.

In an interview Doyle called the new measure "probably one of the most significant changes in the espionage statutes, because economic espionage is going to be one of the most serious issues we face as we go into the next century." In one promising sign, however, Chandler has twice traveled to China by invitation to lecture on intellectual-property rights.

Nevertheless Chandler and other experts predict a long struggle ahead. "Any company that can't protect its intellectual property will die," he says. "And any nation that can't protect its intellectual property will die." 

HOWARD STERN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

so great they deserve Oscars."

Finally, Howard can't resist summarizing this struggle to succeed: "It's also a fuck-you story about people who deserve to be told 'Fuck you!'"

While it might surprise Howard's fans as well as his detractors, *Private Parts* is really more than a *Rocky* (or fuck-you) epic. It's also a love story, a romance. Howard explains it best: "Here is this same guy making ninety-six dollars a week, getting fucked by everyone in the business. He has no success with women, and yet here is this beautiful and wonderful woman, Alison, who travels the country with him, firing after firing. And when he finally gets some success, what does he do? He surrounds himself and the show with beautiful and sexy women, and she takes issue with him. After everything, now she has to put up with this bullshit."

"She also tells him that she doesn't like it when he exposes their private life on the air. What's cool about the movie is that we don't sugarcoat it. Yet she stays with him, and what makes the movie so interesting to women is how Alison and I deal with our relationship. But our problems are ongoing, and we don't fully resolve them..."

"Hey!" Howard interjected, interrupting himself and also stopping me before I could ask a final question, "if this movie isn't the greatest thing I've done, unlike all the shit coming out of Hollywood—a story for everyone to see—I'll hang my head in shame."

But I did get in my question: Does Howard see any comparison between his movie and the Oliver Stone production that glamorizes Larry Flynt as a First Amendment hero?

Howard rolled his eyes. "That movie is pompous bullshit. Hero? I put my ass on the line every day, and the F.C.C. and censors keep coming after me. They fine me millions of dollars and keep me out of cities where I want to syndicate my show. If there is a poster boy for the First Amendment, it ain't Flynt. On the other hand I'm not obsessed, and the F.C.C. and censors aren't the guiding forces in my life. I only want to entertain."

And that's the bottom line—Howard is probably America's greatest living entertainer. He's conquered radio, television, and books, and he's about to dominate the movie industry, starring as himself. All that remains to be seen is what he'll achieve when he directs his first *Penthouse* pictorial. We'll see when he returns to us in June with fantastic fantasies and beautiful women, private parts and all.—Allan Sonnenschein 

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years I'd been encouraging her to wear sexy stuff under her clothes, and now it was happening. What was going on?

I was determined to pretend nothing was happening. For the next several weeks I kept an eye and ear on her. I bugged our phone. Soon the tapes from her telephone conversations with Jim started telling me more than I wanted to know.

This went on for a couple of weeks, until I finally confronted her with it. I started by asking if she'd seen Jim that day, and she said no. I asked her again, and added that perhaps she wanted to give some serious thought to her words before saying anything else. Again she said no. That's when I turned on our VCR and showed her a tape of them making love at a local motel, tape I'd shot only hours earlier. I couldn't believe the fit she threw. She raved on and on about my being dishonest and untrustworthy. All this from her! After she cried for a little while and calmed down, I told her that if she wanted to stay married and fuck my best friend, then I wanted to watch. Her eyes went big, and she began to profess her love for me. I could hardly believe my ears.

Jim called later that night, and she told him what had happened. A few days later she knelt down between my legs, pulled out my cock, and gave me a blowjob; she even swallowed my come. I asked her if she'd learned that from Jim, and she said yes. Then she told me they had agreed to let me sit in. She arranged for a baby-sitter for the following Saturday, and made herself sexier than I had ever seen her. Makeup, black half-bra, tight top, garter belt, those sheer black stockings, no panties, five-inch heels, and a very short miniskirt. All things I had bought for her that she'd worn first for another man—a fact that was not lost on me.

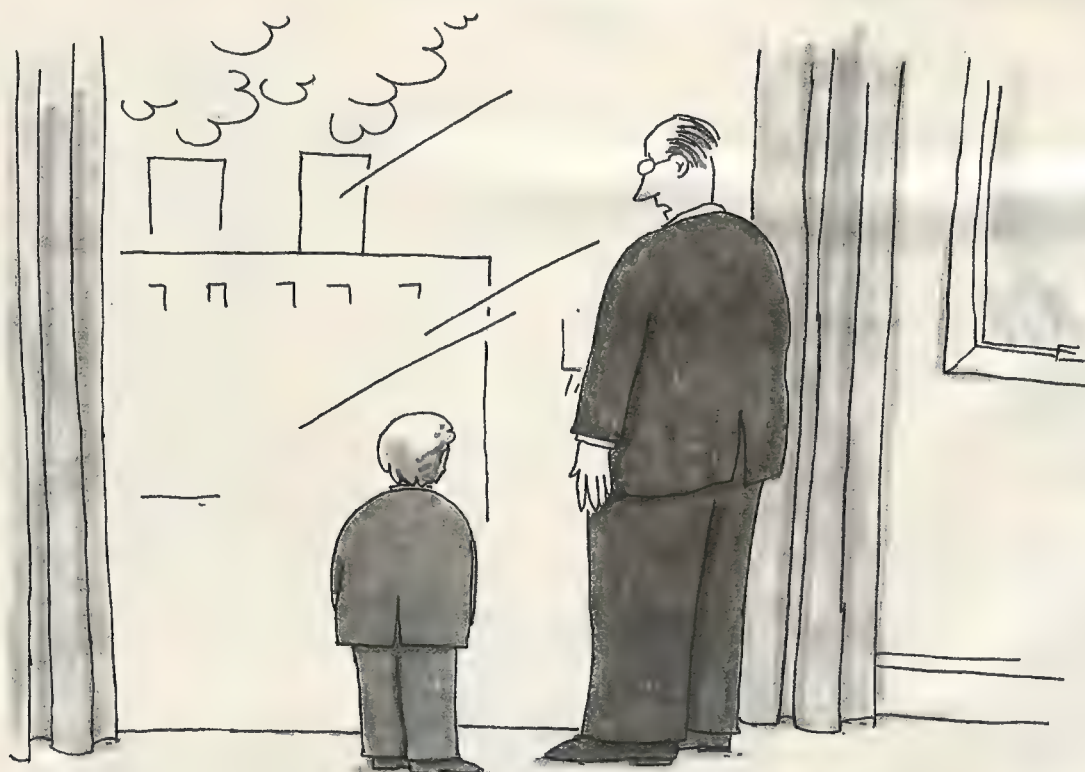
We arrived at the motel and checked in. I was beginning to think Jim wasn't going to show up when he knocked on the door. She let him in, and for the first few minutes we just sat there. It was clear that Jim was uncomfortable and I was too, but not my wife. I couldn't believe it. I could tell by looking at her she was supercharged.

All at once she took off her top and threw out her chest. Her nipples were standing straight out and were as hard as diamonds. She had a big smile on her face. She pushed Jim onto the bed and lay down next to him, throwing a leg over him. I was sitting in the chair across

from them, and I could see up her miniskirt; she was so turned on that juices were flowing out of her pussy. I became very aroused. She started kissing him and telling him she'd been thinking about getting at his cock again. He pushed her over onto her back and took his shirt off. She sat up and started to undo his pants. They never took their eyes off each other as they began to make love—no, have the hottest sex I had ever seen. At one point she motioned for me to come closer to her on the bed. She took out my cock and, while he fucked her doggie-style, she sucked on me as if I was her last meal. After Jim got off she told me to fuck her in the ass. I asked, "Right now?" and she said yes. This had never happened before. She would never let me get anywhere near her ass hole. So now I lubed her up and went for it. The night was an experience to remember, but the next day I felt like shit. I couldn't believe what had happened.

Now I'm not sure what course of action to take. Do I let my wife continue to see this guy? What happens if she starts screwing someone else? What about our kids, us as a family? I'd never been so turned on, while at the same time being so turned off. I need your help. I don't know how to get myself out of the mess I started.—K. L., Illinois

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



P.C. Vey

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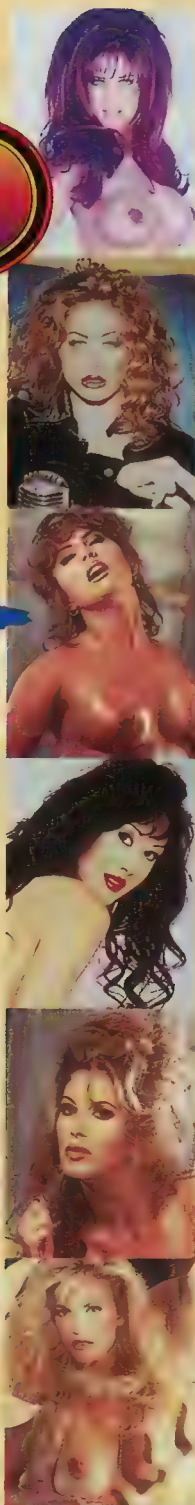
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SHAWN KEMP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

says part of the official statement issued to the media in his name to accompany his boycott of the opening of the new season's training camp.

"For a bright guy," says former Seattle teammate Frank Brickowski, "Shawn makes some very unintelligent decisions. If Payton is getting paid four times what Shawn is getting, then Shawn thinks that the Sonics management really thinks that Payton is four times the player Shawn is. I also believe that Shawn believes he's such a huge superstar that the N.B.A. will change the rules and allow him to renegotiate right now."

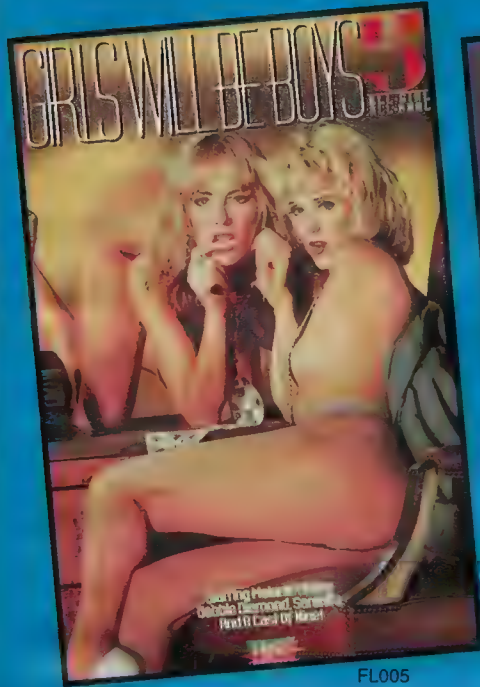
Even though the Sonics are the reigning runners-up, Brickowski fears the worst. "The Sonics struggled with their team chemistry for so many years, until it finally came together last season. Then these free-agent contracts happened in the summer. And with Shawn's holdout all of that hard-earned chemistry is gone, and the Sonics are fucked."

Shawn Kemp at 26: darling of the media Muppets, hero to millions, mere dunk-o-maniac to some. Living inside a golden cage. Free as he wants to be. And demonstrating with furious brilliance our national blight: the joyless triumph of style over substance. 

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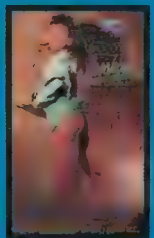
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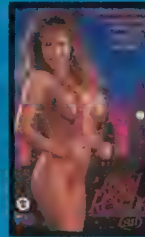
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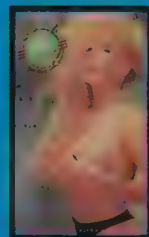
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Small Company's New Golf Ball Flies Too Far; Could Obsolete Many Golf Courses

Pro Hits 400-Yard Tee Shots During Test Round

Want To Shoot An Eagle or Two?

By Mike Hensen

YALESVILLE, CT — A small golf company in Connecticut has created a powerful, new ball that flies like a U-2, putts with the steady roll of a cue ball and bites the green on approach shots like a dropped cat. But don't look for it on weekend TV. Long-hitting pros could make a joke out of some of golf's finest courses with it. One pro who tested the ball drove it 400 yards, reaching the green on all but the longest par-four's. Scientific tests by an independent lab using a hitting machine prove the ball out-distances ten major brands dramatically.

The ball's extraordinary distance comes partly from a revolutionary new dimple design that keeps the ball aloft longer. But there's also a secret change in the core that makes it rise faster off the clubhead. Another change reduces air drag. The result is a ball that gains altitude quickly, then sails like a glider. None of the changes is noticeable in the ball itself.

Despite this extraordinary performance, the company has a problem. A spokesman put it this way: "In golf you need endorsements and TV publicity. This is what gets you in the pro shops and stores where 95% of all golf products are sold. Unless the pros use your ball on TV, you're virtually locked out

of these outlets. TV advertising is too expensive to buy on your own, at least for us.

"Now, you've seen how far this ball can fly. Can you imagine a pro using it on TV and eagle-ing par-four's? He would turn the course into a par-three, and real men don't play par-three's. This new fly-power forces us to sell it without relying on pros or pro-shops. One way is to sell it direct from our plant. That way we can keep the name printed on the ball a secret that only a buyer would know. There's more to golf than tournaments, you know."

The company guarantees a golfer a prompt refund if the new ball doesn't cut five to ten strokes off his or her average score. Simply return the balls—new or used—to the address below. "No one else would dare do that," boasted the company's director.

If you would like an eagle or two, here's your best chance yet. Write your name and address and "Code Name S" (the ball's R&D name) on a piece of paper and send it along with a check (or your credit card number and expiration date) to National Golf Center (Dept. S-71), 60 Church Street, Yalesville, CT 06492. Or phone 800-285-3900 anytime. No P.O. boxes. One dozen "S" balls cost \$24.95, two to five dozen are only \$22.00 each, six dozen are only \$109.00. You save \$40.70 ordering six. Shipping and handling is only \$4.00 no matter how large your order. Specify white or Hi-Vision yellow.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

It is very difficult to keep a relationship interesting after 14 years, especially the sexual side of it, but seeing so little of each other doesn't help (you might as well be working for different firms).

No one who has never had it is able to appreciate what a power trip being stunningly beautiful can be. Being gorgeously feminine has about a hundred times the horsepower of being an ordinary woman. Everyone is familiar with the phrase "Power corrupts," and the problem with being an irresistible sex object is that one comes to believe not only that it will go on forever, but also that it is one's right.

Your wife, whose name you never mention in your very long letter (I have reduced it considerably, but it was almost as much work to edit it as to answer it—so please, other letter writers, try to condense your problems into a reasonable space), must have been shattered by the incredible-shrinking-tit experience. When you offered to finance the operation at the sacrifice of your beloved automobile, although she accepted it as an act of love from you, she probably also took it as her right;

and when she found she had her magical power back, she couldn't wait to get out there and use it.

One of the reasons my book *The Happy Hooker* was such a success was it promoted the idea that women can get the same level of fun out of irresponsible sex as men. In the bad old days, for a woman to fool around with guys at the office branded her a slut. We have made some progress in that regard, but most people are still shocked by a wife and mother who fucks around, and, let's face it, the situation you are now in is not the greatest from your children's point of view.

Occasionally a marriage is perfect, with almost total communication between the partners, but this is rare. Your marriage is not one of those. Your lovely wife is at this moment wondering what (or maybe who) she is going to do next. Jim has had it. He has blown his cover, and is therefore no longer thrilling. You are her husband and the father of her children, and I am sure that she loves you and respects you for what you are and the security you give her. Sexually, you are in the category of an expensive vibrator she has had for years, and although you have entered a new phase as a participant in her sex games, there is nothing

like a secret, illicit romance with a new lover

Your next move should not be to find her next Big Dick, because like the sale of your hot rod she will probably accept him as her right, and if he has any failing as a lover, or human being, it will be your fault. If she leaves you for him, it will also be your fault.

I would explain to her that as you now have a so-called open marriage, which was not of your choice, you would like your car back. I suggest you buy a sexy, classic sports car, which holds its value; and since her little extramarital fling was financed by you, it would be only fair of her to make a financial contribution toward your new toy until she has paid back the price of her boob job. What, after all, is an Aston-Martin or a Porsche compared to a new pair of tits?

Tell her that you forgive her for what she did with Jim, but for the sake of the children you would rather she didn't repeat it. This allows her to enjoy the secret wickedness of another affair. Do not under any circumstances tell her about the bug on the phone. Get a more sophisticated one that she will be unable to detect, so that you can more or less monitor her behavior.

I presume that you took your hot rod to club meetings or track events. So

take your new sports car to similar outings, and if you should happen to meet a like-minded girl who would be prepared to give you more enthusiastic blowjobs than your wife, who could possibly blame you?

THE PRICK OF THE NEEDLE

My girlfriend went to get a tattoo. It was intended to be a surprise. She and my best friend and I are all lovers, so she wanted a red heart with all of our initials on it. As she tells it, the artist was a muscular biker type, who smiled when my lovely redhead walked in. He put the "Closed" sign in the window and showed her to the private booth in the back.

Now my girl is not at all shy; in fact she's a bit of an exhibitionist. She wanted the small red heart on her ass. So my brazen lady whipped off her skirt, peeled off her stockings, and bent down over the bench. Never one to wear panties, she was nude from the waist down.

This poor guy had to try to keep from staring at that bright red triangle as he went about his work. For two whole hours he managed, barely—no, she was bare—to do just that. The results were fantastic. He even added an apple with a snake wrapped around it. Afterward he handed her a mirror to view his handiwork. My girlfriend was still standing there half naked when she felt his hands come down her hips. From behind she felt the tip of his cock rubbing between her legs. He bent her over and drove home his throbbing erection into her tight little pussy. She held onto the chair for dear life as he pumped her again and again. "Tonight you get the tip, baby, and if you're up to it maybe even a discount," he said. The thickness of his cock stretched her twat wide.

The harder strokes lifted her feet off the floor. As he came, spraying her insides full of hot fluid, she was rocked by a wave of multiple orgasms. A few minutes later he went jamming into the tight orifice of her anus, his hands holding her hips even tighter.

Dazed and a little confused, she limped out of a cab a few hours later, her lovely buttock adorned with the artistry of the biker Picasso. She says she can't remember much of what happened, but she had misplaced her skirt and stockings. Her hair was mussed up and matted with white sticky stains, and her top was stained too.

What puzzled her most was that the \$250 for the tattoo was still tucked into her purse. Later, in bed, we found out why. In addition to the tiny heart on her ass there was something else. Between my lovely girlfriend's breasts was a small penis squirting fluid from the tip; underneath it were four stars,

and what had to be the artist's initials. It seems my lovely had chosen a man who likes to make his mark on the world.—R. R., New York

The problem with tattoos is that they are more permanent than any relationship, even marriage, and when you want to change the name or initials, it is even more painful and difficult than getting the tattoo in the first place. One solution to the problem, should it arise, is to choose a new lover with the same initials as those engraved on you already. A more realistic alternative is to use the tattoo as a frame, filling in initials with stick-on imitation tattoos, or rub-off letters.

I hope you don't think I am being too cynical with these suggestions, but your shared girlfriend would have to be dumber than most to think she could wave her naked beaver under the nose of a super macho guy without provoking some kind of reaction. It is extremely likely that baring her beautiful butt in front of a comparative stranger was enough of a turn-on for her pussy to demonstrate visible signs of arousal, which anyone good at graphics could hardly fail to observe and to draw the obvious conclusion that she was trying to tell him something.

I have my suspicions she might have chosen her tattoo artist for his masculinity, possibly hoping that what did happen would occur, and that her mental "blur" was meant simply to spare your feelings. I can hardly believe that he could add another tattoo between her tits without her noticing.

In these days of political correctness in speech, many women are reluctant to say, "Please fuck me" to a man, and they therefore have to fall back on non-verbal cues. It sounds like your girlfriend is fluent in body language.

I admire the tattoo artist's self-restraint for finishing his work before exchanging one tool for another, but if all his clients were like your girl and he were to let all of them keep his fee, he would soon be on welfare. 

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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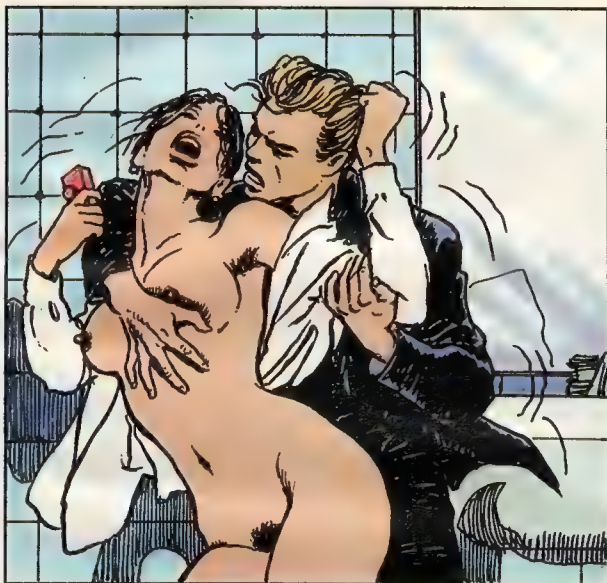
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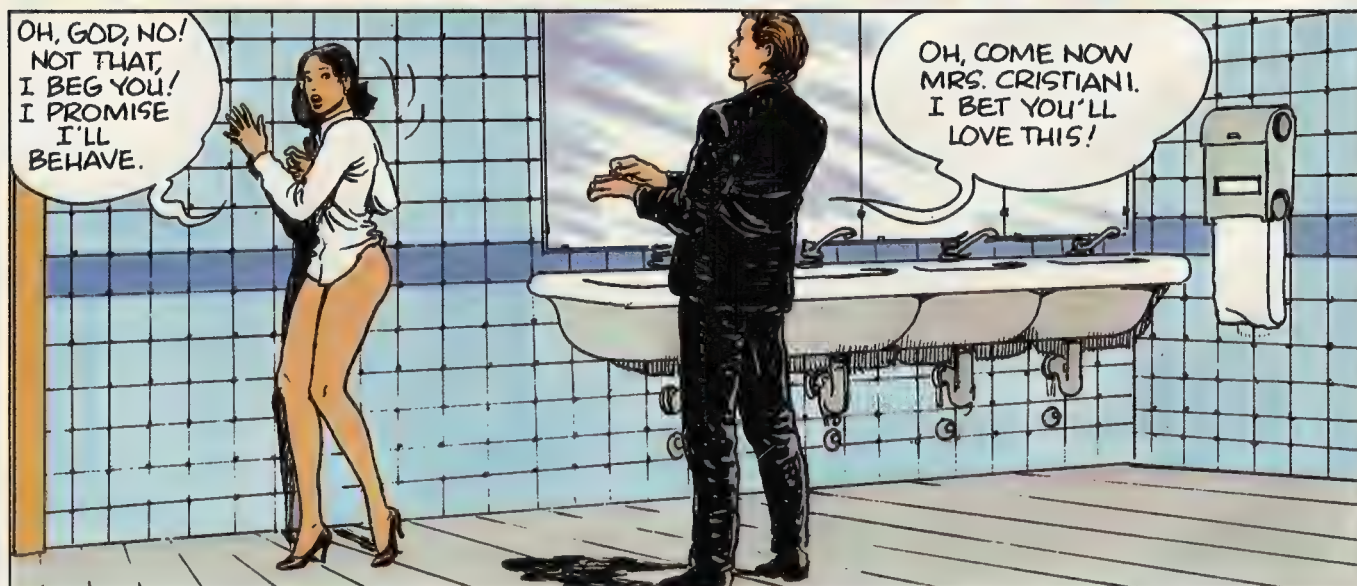
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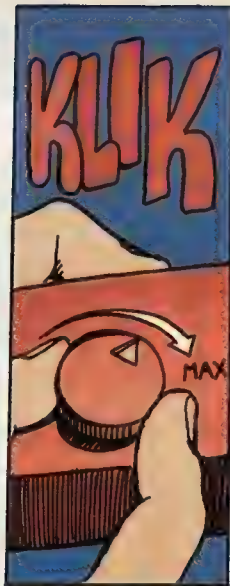


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THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR



BACKSTAGE AT THE LIDO

“In-flight entertainment” is one of those oxymorons like “military intelligence.” The music emanating from your armrest sucks. And in the middle of the movie the guy in the seat in front of you almost invariably jumps up to get his medication from the overhead compartment, thereby blocking your view of the screen. That’s in addition to the violent turbulence that forces you to focus more on what it would feel like to hit the Atlantic at 600 miles an hour than on whether Goldie Hawn is going to get out of whatever G-rated predicament she’s gotten herself into.

For those reasons it was a pleasant surprise on an Air France flight from New York to Paris to be treated, not once but several times, to an infomercial for The Lido, the Parisian nightclub famous for its beautiful dancers, flamboyant costumes, and exposed breasts. The clip they ran on the plane regrettably didn’t show any tit—there’s undoubtedly some regulation forbidding in-flight tit—but it nonetheless whetted my appetite for the real thing, and made me reconsider whether I really needed to spend as much time as I’d planned at the Louvre.

BY RALPH GARDNER, JR.



less," Rebecca said sweetly. Next come the dancing nudes. Above them are a half-dozen featured nudes, known simply as "Belles." And at the pinnacle of the pyramid reside a couple of talented soloists.

Then there are the male dancers, who wear the skimpiest costumes and seem to be having the best time of all. "Obviously there are a lot of gay dancers," said William Haile, the male dancer who joined us, helping to explain that look of rapture I was to detect on their faces whenever they were onstage.

Two years with the Ballet Russe isn't a prerequisite for landing a job at The Lido. Before she joined the cast Rebecca's showbiz experience was limited to three months of dinner theater in Bergen County. Despite The Lido's claim that its dancers constitute a veritable United Nations of talent, most of

them seem to be anatomically gifted high-school grads from the United States and England.

In any case, at The Lido's annual New York City audition Rebecca's height (no one under five feet nine need apply), high kicks, and winning personality impressed Pierre Rambert, The Lido's uncompromising ballet master. She beat out 30 other hopefuls for one of the two openings in the cast. "After he decided he was interested in me he asked if I wouldn't mind being topless," Rebecca recalled. "The size of your breasts is not important. The reason he asked us to take off our shirt is for any deformities or things like that, which I understand."

"You'd be amazed who comes and asks for a job," interjected Mr. Haile, her fellow dancer, rolling his eyes.

The demanding Monsieur Rambert shared some thoughts on breast size when I interviewed him in his luxury box at the rear of the theater a short time later: "I don't need small or big breasts but breasts that will be in harmony with the rest of the body," he said, grinding a Gauloise into an ashtray.

And what does Pierre think of implants? "It has to be a very good job before I let it on stage."

With such high standards, you'd think The Lido could cough up more than the \$100 a night they pay Rebecca and her fellow nudes. But I assumed that was just mad money, that all their careers were being underwritten by millionaire French playboys, Arab oil sheiks, or American political consultants. Rebecca, whose chest is of modest size but striking quality, from what I could tell through her T-shirt, quickly disabused me of that fantasy. "Stage-door Johnnies are a myth," she reported. "When you get out at 2:30 in the morning most people are asleep."

What is it like being married to a dancing nude and pouring

As soon as I got to my hotel I phoned The Lido and tried to explain in broken French why it was so important that I see the show and meet the performers. After a flurry of faxes and phone calls I was instructed to be at the 1,200-seat Champs-Élysées nightclub a couple of hours before the ten P.M. *spectacle* began. My hope was that I'd be whisked backstage to interview the dancers about their glamorous careers while they lovingly applied body makeup to their breasts.

No such luck. A public-relations man greeted me in the lobby and introduced me to the two dancers management had chosen for me to interview. Both of them were fully dressed, I'm depressed to say, and one of them was a guy.

"I'm a dancing nude," the female, a doe-eyed New Jersey native named Rebecca Browne, volunteered. Rebecca went on to explain that The Lido's cast is organized somewhat like the U.S. Army. Lowest ranked are the "Bluebells." "They're not top-



Which isn't to say lovestruck audience members don't try to get a date before they doze off. There was the fellow recently who got so swept up in the pageantry that he started waving his arms wildly in the middle of the show to get a nude's—any nude's—attention and pass her a note. Needless to say, he was ignored. Then there was the young English lass who leapt on stage and chased after the nudes as they exited, though Mr. Haile suspects she was motivated more by The Lido's private-label champagne than by amorous tendencies.

Finally there was the gentleman who, apparently correctly sizing up the dismal odds of ever meeting Rebecca or one of her co-workers in the flesh, calmly set a napkin over his lap and provided his own special effects. "He jerked off from the beginning to the end," declared a well-placed source. "Nobody at his table said anything."

The fellow must have been picking up the check. The Lido ain't cheap. Dinner, the

show, and a half-bottle of champagne costs almost \$200.

So then, if not playboys, Brazilian soccer stars, or President Jacques Chirac, whom are the girls dating? "A lot of the dancers date the waiters," confessed Rebecca, who's seeing one of the show's lighting technicians herself. "A lot of the dancers are married to waiters. You work the same hours," she explained matter-of-factly.

So what? The Lido line is arguably the most beautiful agglomeration of women on the planet. Pierre Rambert told me that many are in fact classically trained ballerinas who through some cruel joke of nature had hit adolescence and found their careers stymied because they'd grown magnificent breasts that turned doing a pirouette into a health risk. "I have in the cast several girls who have been let go by Covent Garden or A.B.T.," Pierre said, referring to the prestigious American Ballet Theater. "They became too womanly. They are desperate."

So desperate that they're dating guys who work for tips? I buttonholed Christian Busuttill, the club's maître d'. "It's a warm atmosphere, a bit like a family atmosphere," he said quietly.

Christian confessed that's how he hooked up with his own goddess. "I watch her dancing," he said in charmingly accented English, remembering an afternoon rehearsal a decade ago when he was a mere waiter. "She was a new dancer. English. Beautiful, of course. A Bluebell—they are keeping the top on."

During that distant evening's show, she'd made certain he understood the attraction was mutual. "They give you a little sign," he continued. "Not with the hand, of course, but a look."

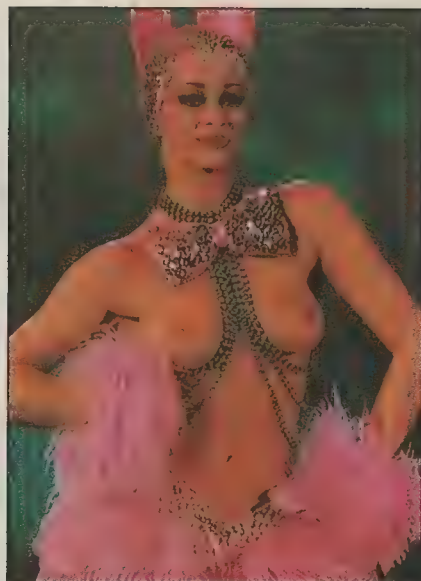
Whatever he said, it had the intended effect. She's no longer dancing but raising

everybody's topless. We're here every night. It might seem strange to say, but we take it for granted."

Not strange but disingenuous perhaps. If I were married to a dancing nude I doubt I'd take a single moment for granted.

The show started with a blinding flash of light, and dozens of beaming amazons burst forth in leather and lace, with feathers and without, belting out the lyrics, "*Paris, c'est Le Lido, et Le Lido, c'est Paris.*" They seemed to be lip-synching. But I didn't care, especially after they mounted a kind of amusement-park ride that lifted them on mechanical arms and whipped them and their glorious ta-tas out over the bedazzled audience with centrifugal force.

When the girls eventually left the stage for a breather I visited Pierre Rambert in his soundproof luxury box. He didn't seem to be enjoying himself as much as I was. "A lot of them are young, a lot of them are foreigners," he said morosely, referring to his



drinks for agitated tourists who are passing notes to your wife?

the couple's two children instead.

Monsieur Busuttill nabbed a passing waiter and introduced him as Dan Bennatt, his brother-in-law. "He's marrying a dancer too."

"I was starting a very good job in a bank," Dan said roguishly. "When you see the show, you'll see why I gave it up."

"This guy as well," he added, pointing to head barman Neil Dugdale. "He's married to a dancer."

"Topless," Neil explained with 007 swagger. "I was a bit privileged. My sister was the captain of the girls."

What's it like being married to a dancing nude? I wanted to know. Does she wear a G-string and crazy headdresses to bed? For that matter, what's it like pouring drinks for agitated tourists who are trying to pass notes to your wife?

"It doesn't bother me whatsoever," Mr. Dugdale said, as the houselights started to dim. "When you go to the seashore in France

dancers, as the Pellegrini Brothers, a buff acrobatic troupe, formed a human pyramid on a tabletop onstage. "They have health problems, personal problems, apartment problems."

Waiter problems, I felt like adding. Pierre excused himself to go kick some ass backstage. Seems like one of the special effects wasn't meeting specifications. Loosen up, I felt like saying. Nobody out there's watching anything except their tits. Who cares if a few lightbulbs are out?

"I'm not satisfied with the work," Pierre said when he returned, referring to a dancer he'd just had a run-in with. Perhaps he has to be this way. The price of nude perfection is constant vigilance. Recently one absentminded dancer appeared onstage in her bra. Another strode across the footlights with a roach trap stuck to her. "That looks

pretty tacky when you're wearing a \$10,000 costume," noted a fellow dancer.

Despite The Lido's apparent vermin problem, I mustered the nerve to ask Pierre if I

could accompany him backstage between shows. He glanced at me as if I were a pushy dwarf who'd showed up for one of The Lido's auditions. He muttered something about "security" making it absolutely out of the question. I wasn't sure if he meant he considered me a security risk to the girls or if I would be at risk from the backstage bouncers if I befriended a dancer without management's express written permission.

My last best hope for an interview seemed to be to land a job as a Lido waiter. I approached Christian Busuttill about the possibility. "It's very difficult to apply," he said gravely. "You have to be introduced by somebody."  

PARTING SHOT

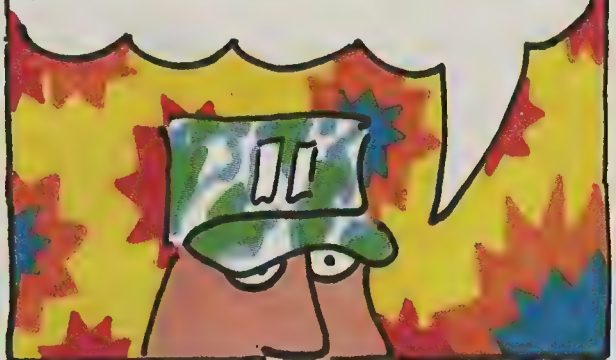
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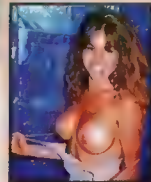
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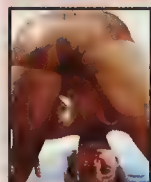
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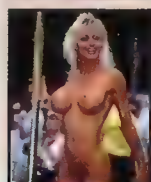
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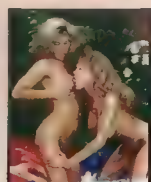
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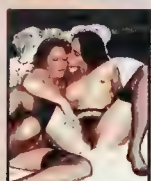
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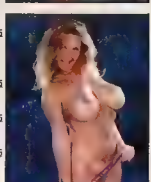
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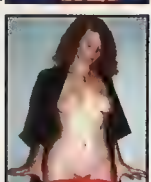
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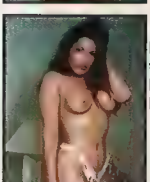
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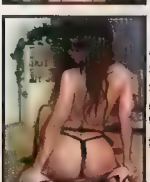
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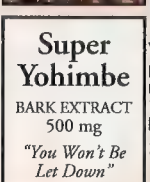
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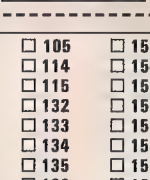
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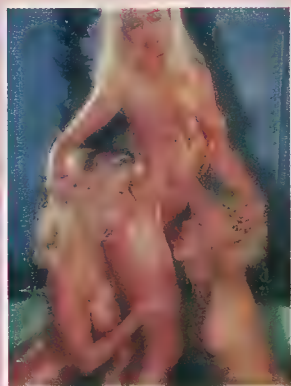
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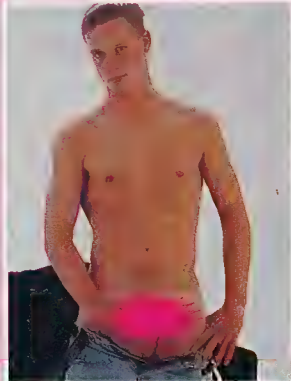
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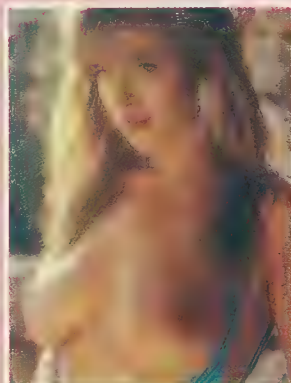
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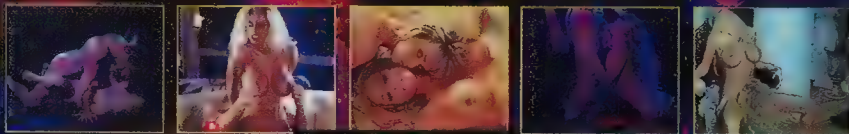
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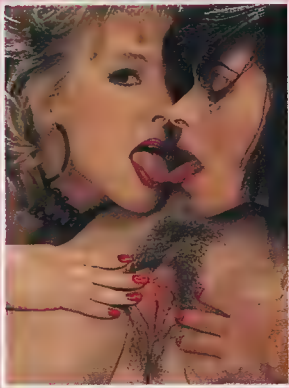
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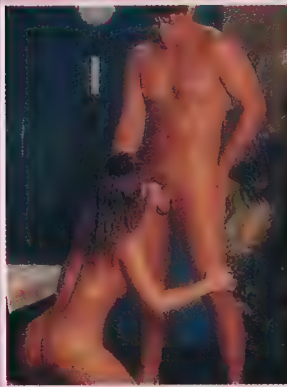
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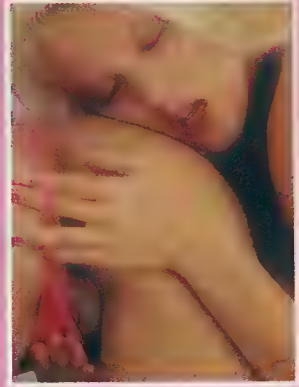
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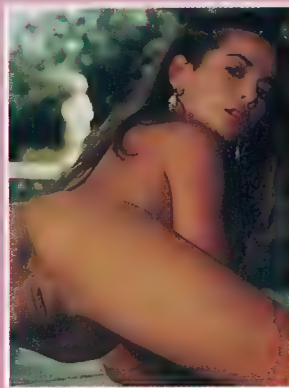
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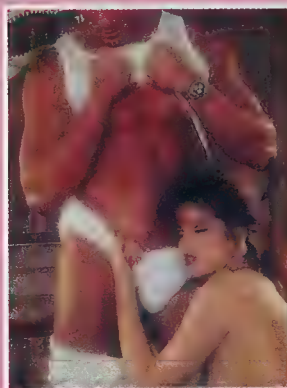
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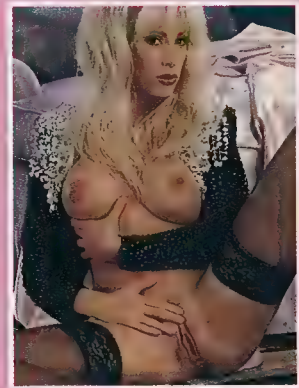
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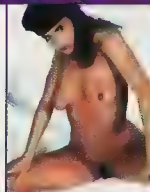
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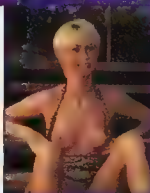
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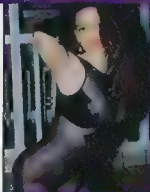
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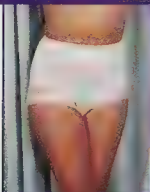
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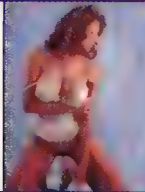
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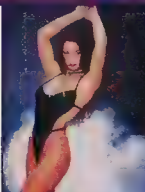
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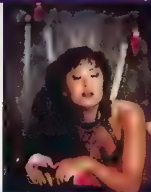
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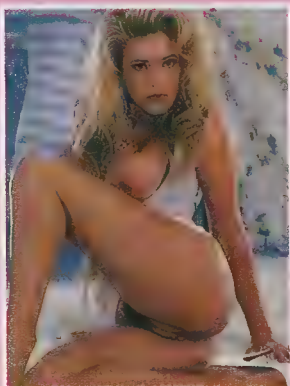
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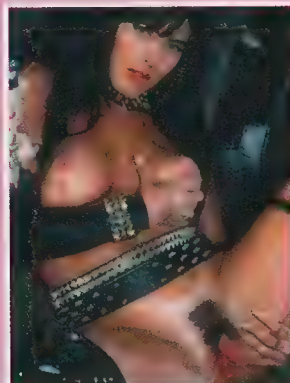


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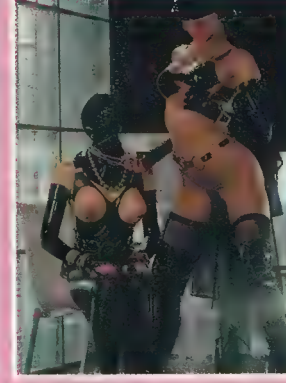
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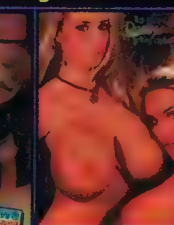
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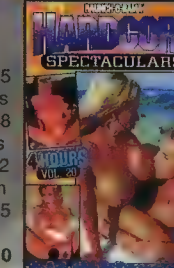


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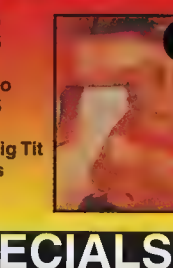
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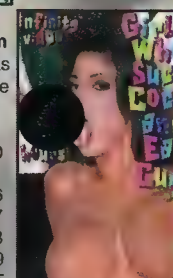


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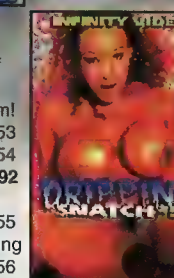
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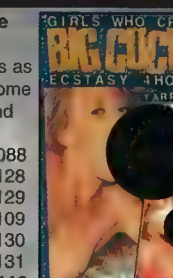
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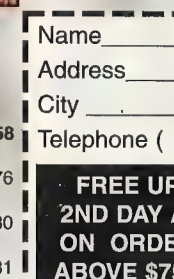


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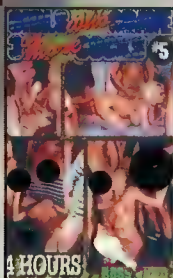


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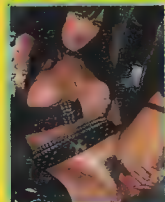
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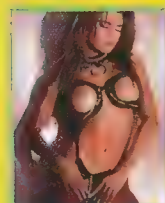
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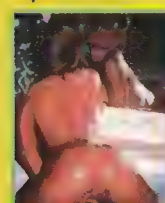
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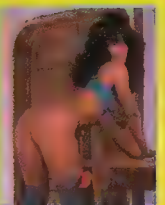
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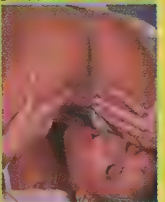
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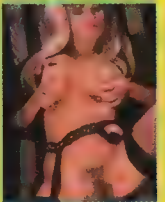
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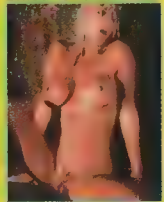
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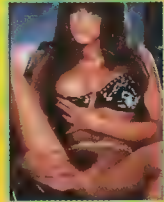
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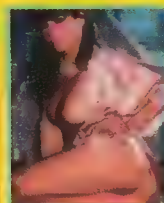
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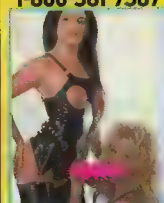
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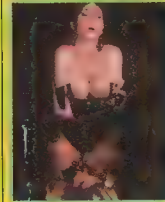
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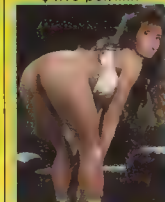
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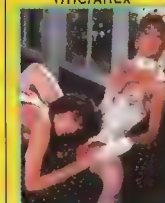
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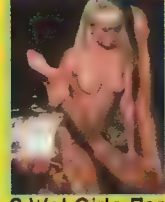
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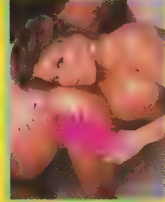
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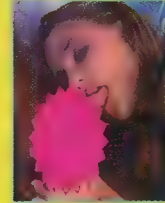
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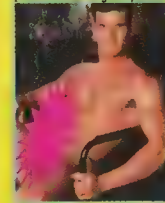
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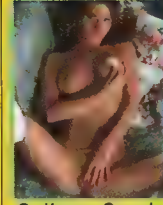
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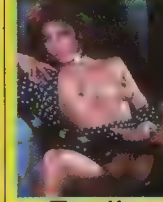
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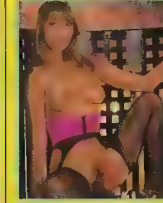
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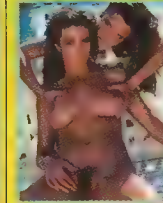
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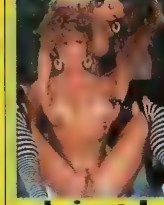
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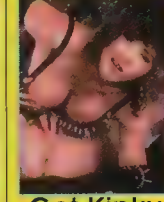
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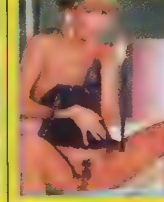
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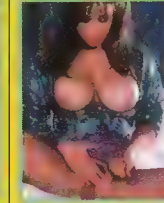
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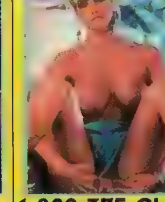
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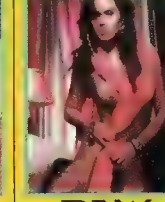
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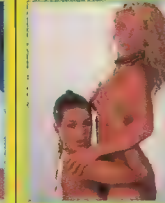
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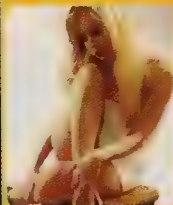
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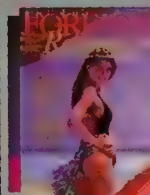
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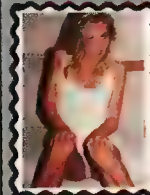


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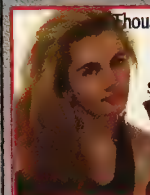
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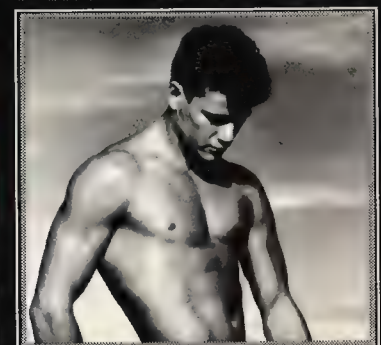
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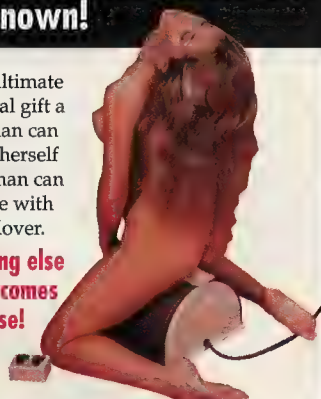
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LiEddie: You're making me hard, baby.

Sindee: I'm so aroused that my legs are starting to shiver.... I spread them open as wide as they'll go, feeling waves of sensation wash over me as I approach orgasm.

LiEddie: Come for me, girl.

Sindee: Ahhhhh!

LiEddie: Wish I could eat that zucchini for dinner....—S. R., Michigan

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY ...

CamiDoll: I've been looking forward to this for so long.

Alison444: Me too. I thought our boyfriends would never go on that fishing trip.

CamiDoll: Thank you for wearing the lingerie I bought you. I've always fantasized about you in that red cupless bra and matching thong. I begin to kiss you, starting at your mouth and working my way down to your earlobes, neck, and shoulders. I suckle your lovely breasts, then move my kisses down to your blonde snatch.

Alison444: I hold your head against my belly, moaning softly.

CamiDoll: Now I'm licking your outer lips. You feel my tongue gently penetrate you, flicking your clit ever so lightly. Then I lift my mouth and rub my finger on your clit just a little to tease you.

Alison444: Don't tease.

CamiDoll: I part your lips with my hand and lick your clit and inner lips, alternating between the two. Then I probe your inner depths with my tongue, sucking and licking until you're screaming with pleasure.

Alison444: You know exactly what to do.

CamiDoll: Still sucking your clit, I plunge two fingers into your tight hole.

Alison444: Ahhh! I buck my hips up to meet your fingers. My hands are fondling my tits, forcing the nipples into stiff peaks.

CamiDoll: I pull my fingers out of your pussy and lick off the juices. Slowly, teasingly, I lick your outer lips again.

Alison444: Please make me come!

CamiDoll: I watch as your face contorts with passion, then ram my fingers into your pussy and roughly lick your clit.

Alison444: Thrashing against the pillows, my body shaking ...

CamiDoll: When the spasms subside, I bring my fingers to your lips, then kiss you softly.

Alison444: Mmmm. If they only knew!—CamiDoll@aol.com O+

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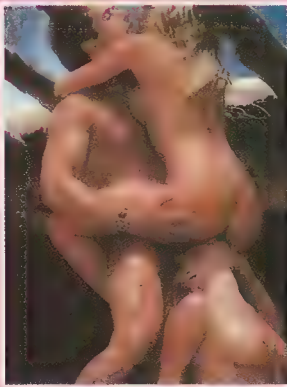
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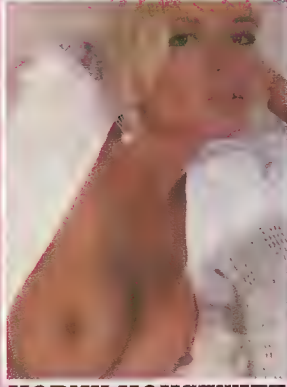
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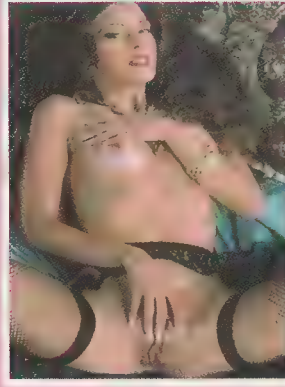
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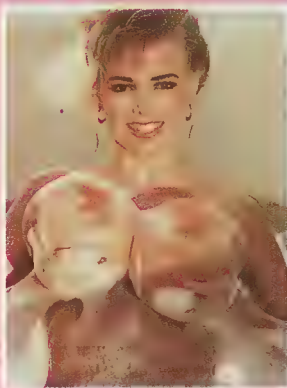


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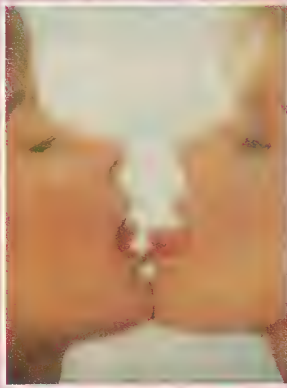
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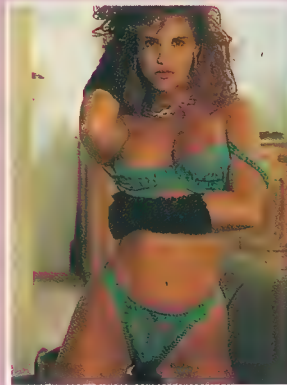
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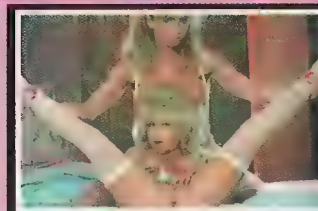
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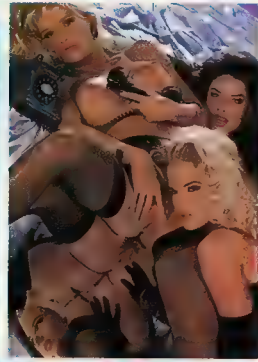


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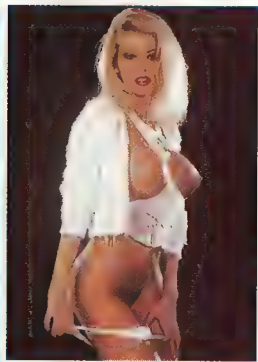
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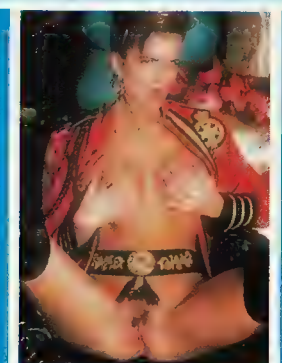
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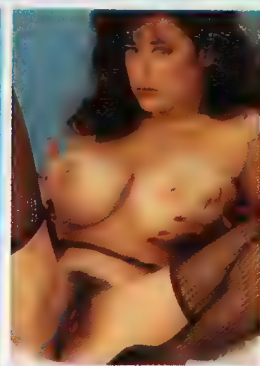


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1-900-674-1111

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

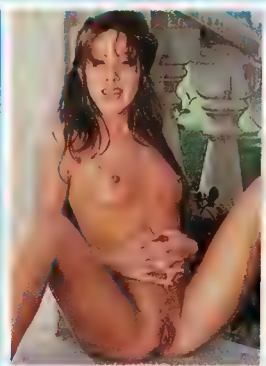


HARDCORE LIVE SEX
IT IS THE BEST!

1-800-839-M₆O₆N₆A₂

1-900-674-2299

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



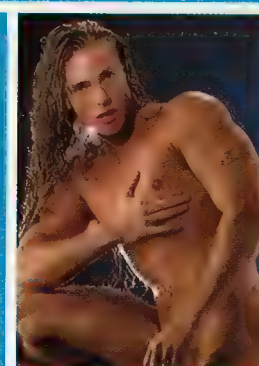
HORNY COLLEGE FRESHMEN
800-816-6699/900-993-2700

HORNY BLACK GIRLS
800-504-7474/900-435-5556

HORNY ORIENTAL SLUTS
800-987-9797/900-435-5551

HORNY SLUTS AT HOME 1-818-865-8925

\$2.50-\$4.99/MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



MY WIFE DOESN'T GET IT

1-800-901-H₄E₃A₂D₃

\$2.50-\$4.99/MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

V.I.P. ORGY ACTION...CUM NOW

1-900-993-9690

\$2.50-\$4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



2 HORNY GIRLS + YOU = 3SUM!

1-800-945-3SUM

HOT ANAL FETISHES!

1-800-937-BUTT

BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
NO CREDIT CARD CALLERS

011-68-FUCK ASS

INT'L RATES APPLY



WARM WET LIPS ON YOUR COCK!

1-800-967-O₆R₄A₂L₃

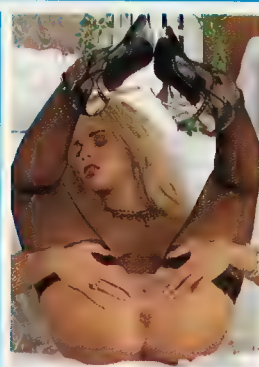
WET BLOW JOBS

1-900-W₉E₃T₈T₈-B₂L₅O₆W

WET, WILD, HARDCORE ORGY ACTION

1-900-W₉E₃T₈T₈-O₆R₄G₄Y

800#S BILLED / MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S \$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



**MY WET PUSSY IS SPREAD
& READY FOR YOU!**

1-800-248-4F₃U₈C₂

1-900-666-1155

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

PETITE & INNOCENT GIRLS 1-800-808-1-O₆N₆-1

WILL GET YOU OFF FAST

\$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

1-900-666-2S₇U₈M₆



USA 011-592-569-024

OR INT'L PREFIX 1-900-666-SEXY₉

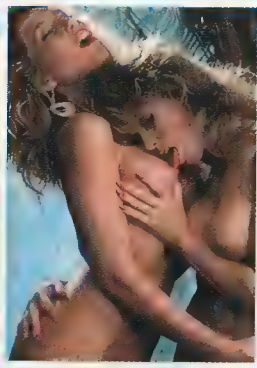
SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



SAMPLE THEIR PHONE SEX
TWO GALS AND YOU

1-800-205-6300
1-800-210-8808
1-800-405-3687

ADULTS 18 AND OVER.

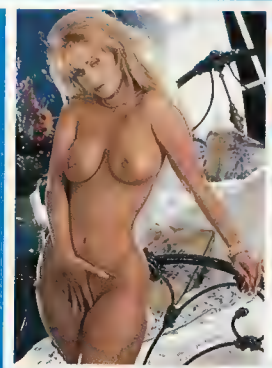


• **BEST XXX SEX** •
HOT, DRIPPING WET PUSSIES

1-900-745-1816
1-800-859-7877

FROM CANADA: 1-900-451-3262

VISA/MC/AMEX/DSCVR/CHECKS/ \$1.23 2.99 1/2 MIN. 18+



HORNY HOUSEWIVES
WANT TO GET YOU OFF

1-800-806-6699
1-900-745-5550

NASTY HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-889-1997

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



CALL THE BEST! 24HRS LINDA'S LIP SERVICE

1-800-LINDA-07
BEST PERSONAL SERVICE
(415)-665-5216

COSTS LESS

***1-888-LIP-SEX-0**

*CANADIAN CUSTOMERS CALL TOLL FREE!
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS BY PHONE/LIVE/EVERY 6TH CALL FREE

1-900-745-2329

\$2.50-4.99 PER MIN. 21+ ONLY



Fuck My Butt
Live One on One Sex
011-683-2771

Direct & Private

No Refusals

Only International Toll Applies 18+



MADE TO BE LAID
1-800-577-4S₇E₃X₉

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

I'M HOT, YOU'RE HARD...CUM NOW

1-900-993-5538

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!

1-800-395-2on1
DO US DOGGIE STYLE!

1-800-937-BUTT

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. NO C.C. NEEDED

1-900-938-1919

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC./V.



1-800-980-4S₇E₃X₉

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C./CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM

1-900-666-1515

\$2.98 PER MIN 18+

011 592-569-076

INT'L RATES APPLY



SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!
1-800-752-S₇U₈C₂K₅

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

TELL US HOW-WE'LL DO IT!

1-900-993-2524

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

1-800-HOT-GIRL
HORNY GIRLS!!! **1-800-468-4475**



Want XXX Sex???

1-800-HOT-4SEX
1-800-HOT-SUCK

18+ V/MC
\$2.50-\$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



College Girl Available
For LIVE 1 on 1 Phone Sex
No C.C.'s Needed

011-683-2772

Direct Dial

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+

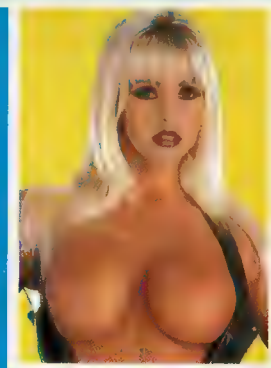


FLAMING DESIRE
WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND THIS!

1-800-407-C₂L₅I₄T₈

1-900-674-1144

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



!!! STRICTLY FOR SUBMISSIVES!!!

NYMPHO SEX SLUTS-59¢/1 011-592-592-426

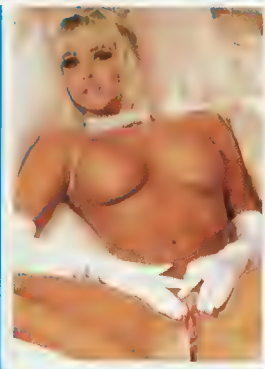
NASTY SUCK OFF-59¢/1 011-592-592-427

BACK DOOR BITCHES! 011-592-592-428

WET SWOLLEN PUSSY! 011-592-571-050

DOMINANT MISTRESSES! 312-263-WHIP

FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON! 312-263-FUCK



LICK MY WET CLIT

1-900-W₉E₃T₈-C₂L₅I₄T₈

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

WET, WILD, HOT F*CKING PETS

1-900-W₉E₃T₈-4P₇E₃T₈

UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!

1-900-W₉E₃T₈-0217

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS WILL GET YOU OFF.

1-800-605-O₆R₇G₄Y₉

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-4400

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 592-569-127

INT'L. RATES APPLY



EROTIC SLUT FEST

1-800-839-S₇L₅U₈T₈

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN! V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

HORNY 2 GIRL ACTION

1-900-993-4432

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!

1-800-842-HUNK

BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/DISC. CARDS

HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WET-4-GAY!

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE



MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET

1-800-365-WETT

SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!

1-800-923-CUNT

UNCENSORED FANTASIES!

1-900-938-1155

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.



ALL ANAL FETISH!

1-800-376-4ASS

STICKY, WET & NASTY!

1-800-WET-4PET

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED

1-900-938-2300

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# MC./V.

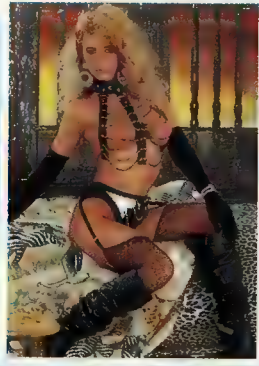
Lickem & Suckem
1-800-HOT-68-TITS
1-800-HOT-68-LICK



1-800-HOT-SLUT
SLEAZY SLUTS!!! **1-800-468-7588**

18+ V/MC
\$2.50-\$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES
1-800-249-L₅A₂I₄D₃

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS
1-900-993-2660

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



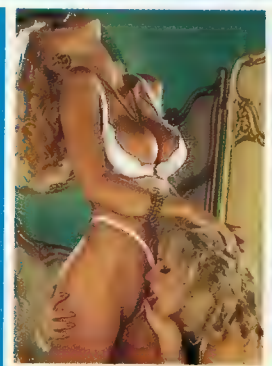
TALK TO HORNY GIRLS LIVE 1-ON-1
1-800-939-1-0₆N₆-1

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR CC./CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-P₇I₄N₆K₅

\$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 592-569-035
INT'L. RATES APPLY

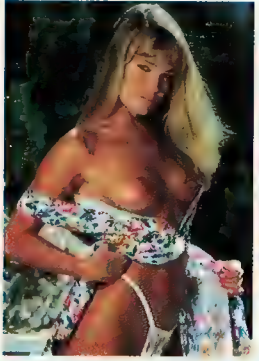


SELECT-A-SLUT
YOU GET IT YOUR WAY EVERY TIME

1-800-218-4V₈I₄P₇

1-900-537-2030

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

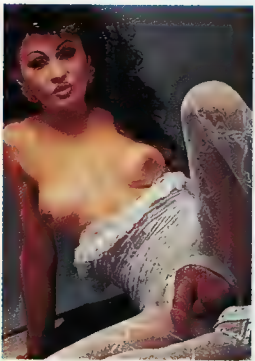


DISCREET SEX SAMPLES
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

1-800-511-2428

1-800-518-5425

ADULTS 18 & OVER



TWO FOR ONE SPECIAL
THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

1-800-779-7319

YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER



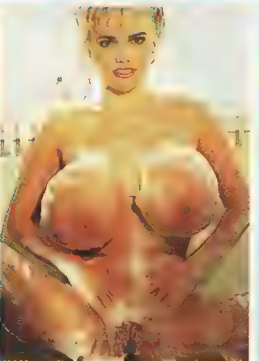
Fuck Me Good

Live One on One Private

Sex
Just Call

011-683-2773

You Don't Need A Credit Card Just A Hard Dick!
How About A Blow Job? 011-683-2774
Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



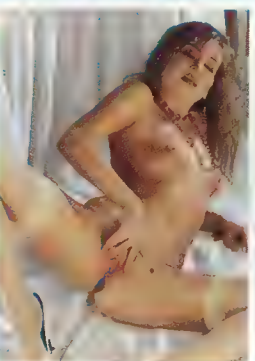
LIVE 24 HRS. - 1 ON 1
ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD

1-800-364-W₉E₃T₈T₈

YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT

1-800-213-4A₂S₇S₇

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



HOT & HORNY WOMAN
WILL TURN YOU ON

1-800-294-2-T₈O₆-1

1-900-666-1199

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!
ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!

1-800-214-1-T₈O₆-1

1-900-537-1818

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

Hump my Ass & Pussy

1-800-HOT-BUTT
1-800-HOT-TWAT



1-800-SPANK-ME
DO IT HARD!!! **1-800-772-6563**

18+ V/MC
\$2.50-\$4.99
Minute



NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES

1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825

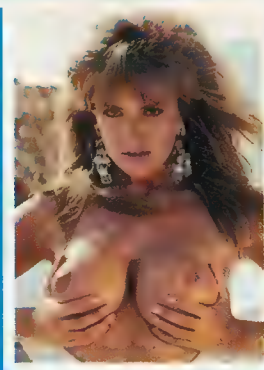
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS

1-800-251-1-T_0_6-1
1-900-666-1177

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



I'M HOLDING FOR YOU
1-888-479-T.I.T.S.

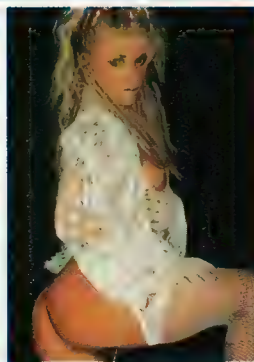
FOR A GOOD TIME CALL:

1-800-424-LISA

ALL#S LIVE ONE-ON-ONE

1-888-878-G.I.R.L.

LIVE \$2.00/MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+ LIVE \$2.00/MIN.



Cock Sucking Coed

Live One on One Just You and Me

011-683-2775

Fuck My Tight Hole

011-683-2776

No C.C.'s No Refusals
Only Int. LD. Rates Apply 18+



KINKY LESBIAN SEX!

1-800-395-2on1

CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!

1-800-678-TITS

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L LD. RATES APPLY

011-683-8071

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



WILD WILDEST SEX LINE SPECIAL TREATMENT

1-900-745-1194

\$2.50 - \$3.99 MUST BE 18+

ULTIMATE LIVE HARDCORE!

1-800-207-4688

ALL BILLING OPTIONS - LIVE! 24 HRS.

CANADIAN CALLERS

1-900-870-1088 1-800-207-4688



HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING FOR YOUR HARD PIECE

1-800-990-4S_7_E_3_X_9

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C. /CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

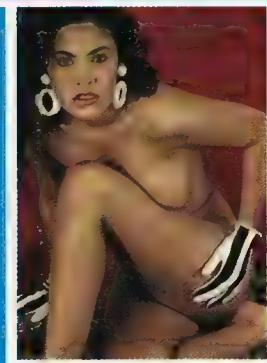
1-900-674-2020

\$2.98 - PER MIN. 18+

011 592-569-053

USA
OR INT'L. PREFIX

INT'L. RATES APPLY



GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!

1-800-869-X_T_8_S_7_Y_9

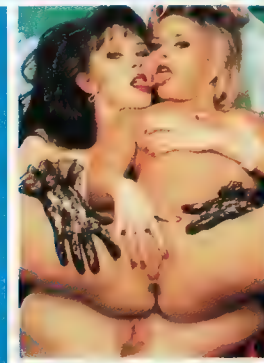
\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AF

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

KINKY COEDS ON CALL

1-900-993-1800

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



FUCK US BOTH

1-800-926-20_N_6_1

DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING

1-800-285-H_4_E_3_A_2_3

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-W_9_E_3_T_8_4_T_8_W_0

\$4.95 MIN. 900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE • 800# BILLED TO V/MC/AMEX/DISC.



HOT SEX SAMPLES

FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW

1-800-488-0517

1-800-506-5425

1-800-508-8255

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY.



COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM
WET + READY FOR YOU!

1-800-980-0674

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR C.C./CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+

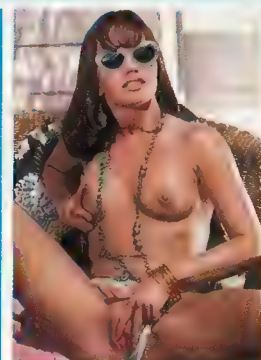
1-900-666-3555

\$2.98 - PER MIN. 18+

011 592-569-063

USA
INT'L. PREFIX

INT'L. RATES APPLY



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!

DON'T MISS OUT!

1-800-319-B2A2B2E3

1-900-666-2244

\$4.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



Bang My Butt

Or Any Suggestion

LIVE 121 Private

011-683-2799

Any Caller No Blocking

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



I JUST MET OUR NEW GIRLFRIEND

1-800-892-M.U.F.F.

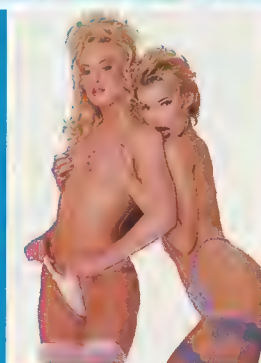
BI GIRLS NEVER SAY NO

1-888-59-GIRLS

WE'RE GETTING OFF SOON, CALL NOW

1-888-808-6969

LIVE 1-ON-1 \$2.00 PER MIN. CREDIT CARDS & CHECKS 18+



TOP 5 LIST

LOCAL HOUSEWIVES	1-888-HORNY WIFE
NASTY OLDER WOMEN	1-800-NASTY TALK
KINKY ASIAN GIRLS	1-800-SEXY ASIAN
HARDCORE DOMINATION	1-888-DOMINANT
REAL GIRLS AT HOME	1-818-587-9181

MC/VISA/AMEX OR INSTANT CREDIT 18+



**WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES
WITH HARDCORE KINK!**

1-800-224-R0X,Y

1-900-666-1133

\$3.95/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!

1-800-568-3SUM

CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!

1-800-577-TSTV

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. L.D. RATES APPLY

011-592-246-208

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA 18+



STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!

1-800-766-W9E3T8

I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!

1-800-879-SU8CK5

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

1-900-W9E3T8-106N61

\$4.95 PER MIN. OVER 18 ONLY

1-818-609-9141

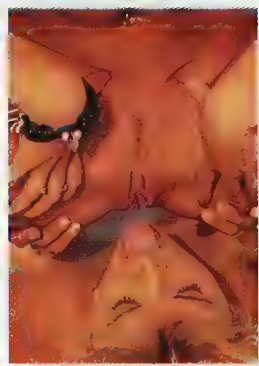
CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

\$1 XXX LIVE!

HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!

1-818-758-9769

ONLY \$1/MIN. 18+



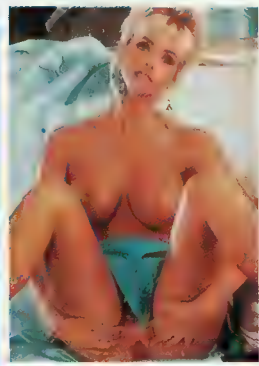
**TASTE THE CUM FROM OUR
PUSSIES LIVE SEX!**

1-800-408-4V₈I₄P₇

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-537-1040

\$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+



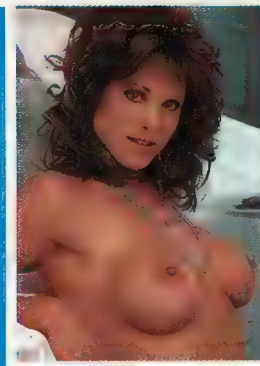
LICK MY LOVE JUICES

011-592-599-535

011-592-588-754

011-592-247-751

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY.



HOT FANTASY

INDULGE YOURSELF

1-800-268-8535

"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"

V/MC/AMEX. MUST BE OVER 18

INTERNATIONAL CALLERS 1(416)924-1852



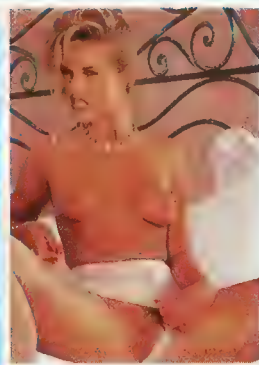
**I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!
LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!**

1-800-795-9996

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9996

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



Are You Man Enough?

Try Me Live 1 on 1 Phone Fuck

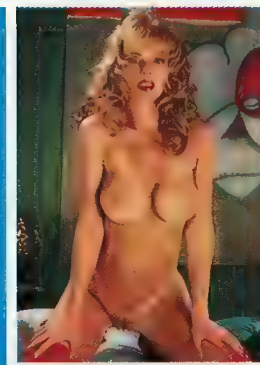
011-683-2800

I'm Ready For Anything.

Have You Misbehaved? 011-683-2870

No Credit Card Needed

Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



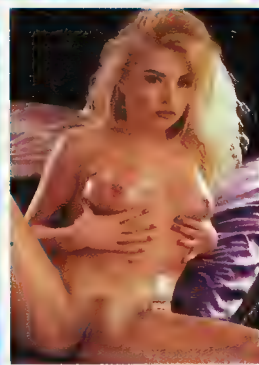
I LOVE IT ON TOP!

LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX

1-800-372-4V₈I₄P₇

1-900-666-3311

\$4.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



FRESHER, PINKER PUSSY

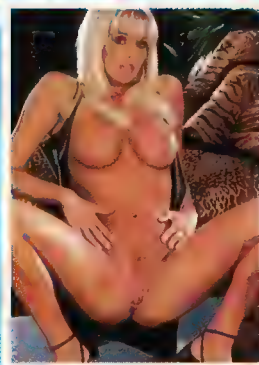
1-800-905-P₇U₈S₇S₇Y

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

FOR JUICY FOREIGN BABES

011-237-750-011

INT'L L.D. APPLIES 18+ ONLY



FIRST TIME OFFERED IN THE USA
ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS.

011-44-171-814-1326

DOMINANT BRITISH BITCHES

011-44-171-814-1327

CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!



KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!

1-800-254-KINK

LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!

1-800-955-WHIP

BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA. 18 OR OLDER

1-900-WE TAME U

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.



PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150

BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-449-1003

ADULTS OVER
18 ONLY

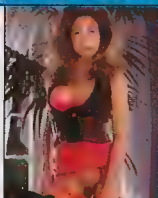
SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

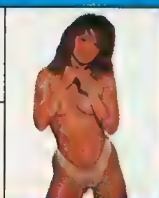
**TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1 ON 1!**
1-800-325-4SEX
(1-800-325-4739)
\$2.99/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-1117
\$2.99/MIN. 18+



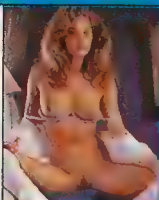
**DO ME NOW
CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS**
415-788-GIRL
4 4 7 5
1-900-344-1112
\$19.95/CALL



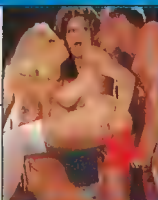
KINKY OLDER WOMEN
1-800-781-5565
18+ \$1.99-3.99/MIN
**HOUSEWIVES
AT HOME**
1-818-597-2600



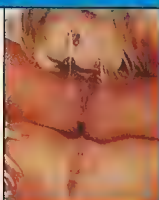
Picture Me Sucking You
1-800-600-0087
Kneel at my Feet
1-818-758-3888
VISA-MC-AMEX-DISC-CHECKS-PHONE
Phone Billing 1(909)321-1420 \$2.69/Min.



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1-800-756-BI-SEX
CALLS AS LOW AS \$2.49/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+
WET, JUICY & DEEP!
1-800-568-NASTY
1-800-999-6666
CALLS AS LOW AS \$2.49/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+



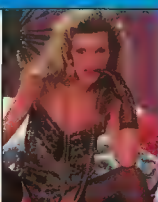
CALL US NOW!
WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!
1-800-WILD SEX
9 4 4 5 3 3 9
\$1.99/MIN MAJOR CC CHK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL 18+
1-900-666-3700
\$1.99/MIN. 18+
USA 011 232-923-34
OR INT'L. PREFIX Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply



PHONE SEX PARTIES
1-800-741-4480
1-800-742-4450
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



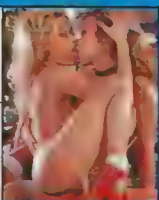
**SAMPLE THESE
TRAMPS NOW CALL**
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1-800-258-5231
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



**FIND OUT HOW
BEST SEX SAMPLES**
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COLLEGE GIRLS
Live, Uncensored, & Enthusiastic - 24 Hrs.
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LIVE, UNCENSORED & FUN!
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\$1.99/MIN. MAJOR CC/ELECTRONIC CHECKS
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HOT SAMPLES
1-800-588-2180
1-800-770-6230
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



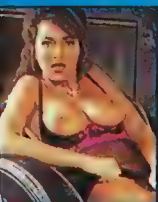
**SAMPLE THEIR SEX
BY PHONE**
1-809-563-0551
011-237-737-115
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY



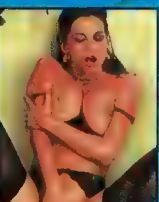
SPECIAL SEX
HOT PHONE SAMPLES
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1-800-440-9150
ADULTS OVER 18



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BIG BREASTS, BIG COCKS
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Donna's LIVE Phone-Sex
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No Gimmicks
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1-800-720-2290
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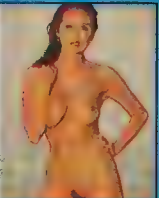
**Personal Erotic
Consultants Answer
Every Call!**
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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



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OR INT'L. PREFIX Int'l. L.D. Rates Apply



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CALL FOR SAMPLES**
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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
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1-800-230-1452
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



**PICK YOUR
PLEASURE**
1-800-588-1840
1-800-731-3370
ADULTS OVER 18

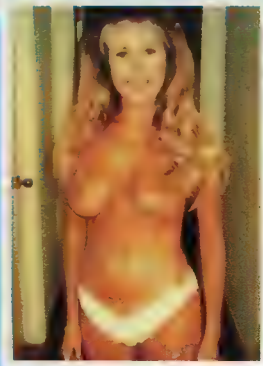


SIZZLING PHONESEX!
We're friendly, hot & so horny!
Only \$14. 2 girls \$25. Credit Cards
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JENNY
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CUM WITH ME
EXPERIENCE THE FANTASY NOW
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ONLY \$1.99 PER MIN! LIVE 24 HR HOT LINE 18+



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LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING

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800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



CALL US NOW WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM

1-800-230-4SEX

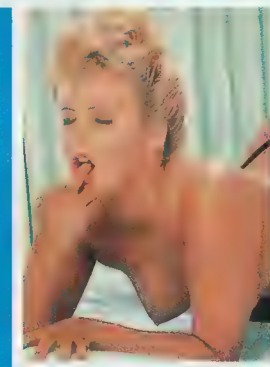
12.98/MIN. MAJOR CC/CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-1122

\$1.98 PER MIN. 18+

011-592-569-043

INT'L. RATES APPLY



Fuck My Perfect Ass

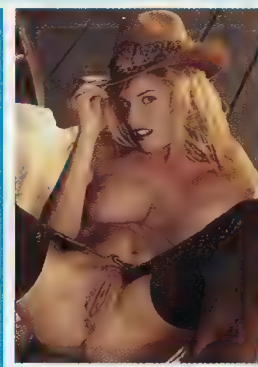
Live One on One

011-683-2871

Fuck My Tight Pussy

011-683-2872

No C.C.'s No Refusals Only Int. L.D. Rates Apply 18+



**KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS
BE READY TO CUM!**

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1-900-674-1188

\$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



**THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!
HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1**

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1-900-666-2288

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CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



**MY HOT CUNT IS WAITING
FOR YOUR TONGUE!**

1-800-571-SU8C2K5

1-900-674-1166

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
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**STRANGE & UNUSUAL
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PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810

LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230



HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489

KINKY SAMPLES 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER
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NO CC. REQ'D - CHEAP

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UNCENSORED NASTY 1 ON 1

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LIVE SEX

99¢/MINUTE

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THE BEST PHONE SLUTS

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1-900-725-3437

011-592-1393



FETISH CONNECTION

1-800-294-FUCK

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CALL NOW WE'LL MAKE YOU CUM

1-900-725-SINS

7 6 6 7
011-592-1695



SHAVE MY PUSSY
SMOOTH!

011-592-1098

SILK SMOOTH BUTT HOLES

011-683-ANAL

2 6 2 5



BETSY LIKES IT IN THE ASS

1-888-FUCK BETSY

3 8 2 5 - 2 3 8

BANG MY WET CUNT

011-683-SEXY

7 3 9 9



Live
24 Hrs

RAM BOTH MY
HOLES HARD

1-900-993-2WET

9 3 8
CUM FUCK MY TIGHT ASS

1-888-FUCK-HOLE

3 8 2 5 - 4 6 5



CALL ME! AND FUCK MY TITS

011-592-1977

BLOW YOUR WAD IN MY MOUTH

1-900-725-8774



2 GIRL SEX ORGY

1-900-993-1296

HOT DRIPPING WET PUSSIES

1-800-316-LIVE

5 4 8 3
011-592-1WET

9 3 8



BI? CURIOUS?

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1-900-993-5993

011-592-1999

CHEAP SEX ORGY

Only For Those Adults over 18+



Unemployed horny hollywood actresses wants to party LIVE with you!

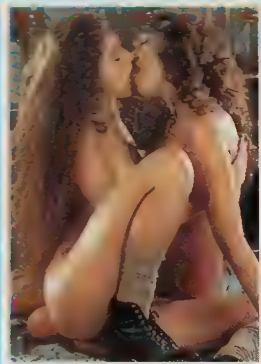
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SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



**WET LESBIAN LIPS & YOU
GET OFF FAST**

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1-900-674-2255

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



TASTE MY WARM PLISSY

1-800-716-L₅O₆R₇A₂

\$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-537-1007

\$3.98 PER MIN. ON YOUR PHONE BILL. 18+



LICK MY ASS!

1-800-873-LICK

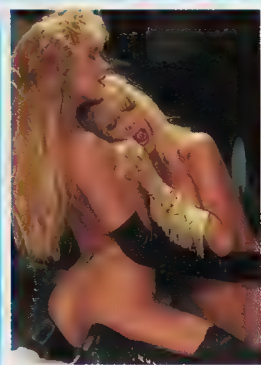
FUCK MY WIFE IN THE ASS

1-800-666-U CUM

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT 4 CUM

900# BILLED TO YOUR PHONE \$4.95/MIN. 800# ON YOUR C.C.



ALWAYS TWO HOT CUNT EATING LESBIANS!

1-800-840-L₅I₄V₈E₃

\$2.98/MIN. MAJOR CC/CHK. BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILL. 18+

1-900-666-9090

\$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

011 232-923-57

INT'L. RATES APPLY



COED AT HOME

GENUINE

LIVE 1²1 SEX

ALL CALLERS CONNECT—GUARANTEED!
NO REFUSALS—NO BLOCKING—NO CC'S

011 683 2873

INTERNATIONAL ID RATES APPLY



WE'LL USE & EXCUSE YOU!

1-800-300-4S₇I₄N₆

\$2.50 - 4.99/MIN. V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

GET 2 BONUS MINUTES FREE!

1-900-993-2116

\$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+



WE WANT YOUR MEAT

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011-592-247-750

011-592-599-534

INT'L. LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY



WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS

1-800-879-W₉E₃T₈T₈

I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK

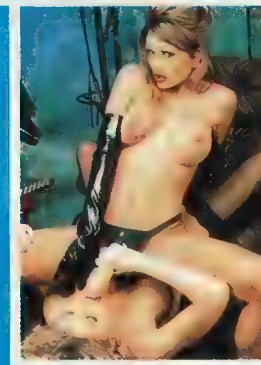
1-900-W₉E₃T₈T₈-O₆R₇A₂L

F*CK MY WET HOLE!

1-900-W₉E₃T₈T₈-H₄O₆L₅E

800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX

900#S \$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 18+



FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOUTH

1-800-831-O₆R₇A₂L

2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!

1-800-945-2 O₆N₆ 1

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT-2 ON 1

1-900-938-8266

\$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE*800#S BILLED TO C. CARDS

LIVE, 1 ON 1 AND ORGY

\$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CC'S DIRECT BILLING OR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

WE'RE HORNY, WE'LL GET YOU OFF

1-800-771-6-ORGY

1-900-666-3SUM



1-800-881-7-6-2-5

1-900-666-KINK

BLACK KING KONG DONGS



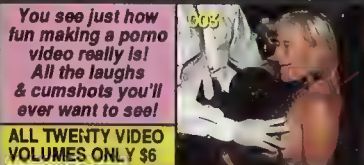
The biggest blackest 18" cocks are sucked & screwed in an orgy of hot cum!!
ALL TAPES 60 MIN. ALL 30 VOLUMES ONLY \$10

GUYS WHO SUCK THEIR OWN COCKS



These guys suck their own super hard cocks & eat their own hot cum! WOW!!
ALL 10 VIDEO VOL. ONLY \$6

BLOOPERS • BEHIND THE SCENES • AUDITIONS



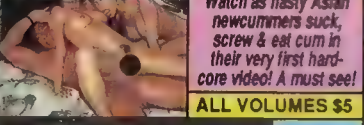
You see just how fun making a porno video really is! All the laughs & cumshots you'll ever want to see!
ALL TWENTY VIDEO VOLUMES ONLY \$6

TITANIC TITS



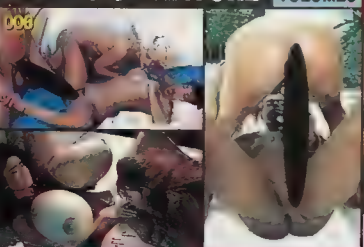
Scene after scene of giant titted beauties - they suck, screw & eat cum too!
100 SCENES ALL 50 VOLUMES ONLY \$8

ASIAN AMATEURS



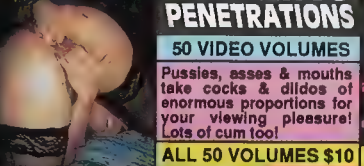
Watch as nasty Asian newcomers suck, screw & eat cum in their very first hardcore video! A must see!
ALL VOLUMES \$5

FREAKS OF NATURE



Watch nature's oddballs in hardcore action - scene after scene featuring 18" cocks - humongous tits - big fat cocks & even a double dick - Order while quantities last
ALL TAPES 60 MIN. ALL 50 VOLUMES ONLY \$10

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Pussies, asses & mouths take cocks & dildos of enormous proportions for your viewing pleasure! Lots of cum too!
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Amateur Oral Cumshots



Hundreds of Scenes These first timers love to eat one thing - hot cum!
ALL ORAL CUMSHOTS
ALL 25 VOLUMES \$6

JOHN HOLMES

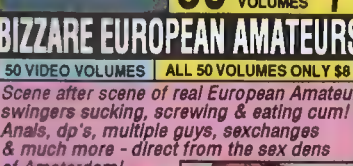
20 VIDEO VOLUMES
The legendary John Holmes & his 14" dick - all hardcore! Features Seka & many other superstars!!
DOZENS OF SCENES
ALL 20 VOLUMES ONLY \$6

DRIPPING SNATCH

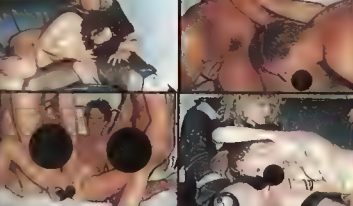


ALL TAPES 30 MINUTES
Hot horny girls finger bang their hot snatches to juicy cums!!
30 VIDEO VOLUMES \$7

BIZZARE EUROPEAN AMATEURS



50 VIDEO VOLUMES ALL 50 VOLUMES ONLY \$8
Scene after scene of real European Amateur swingers sucking, screwing & eating cum! Anals, dp's, multiple guys, sexchanges & much more - direct from the sex dens of Amsterdam!



6 GUYS DOING 1 GIRL ANAL



6 hung & hard guys screw 1 willing girl in the ass - lots of close-ups! no dick less than 8"
ALL 6 VOLUMES ONLY \$5

GUYS WHO SUCK COCK & EAT CUM



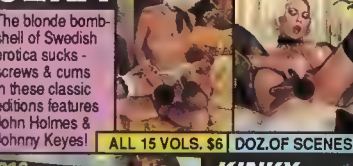
10 VIDEO VOLUMES
Gay guys suck big cocks to amazing cums!
ALL 10 VOLS. \$6

BI-SEXUAL, 4-SOMES & ORGIES



10 VOLUMES
Guys & girls alike - suck cock, eat cum & take it up the ass in an orgy of Bi-sexual lust!
10 VOLUMES \$5

SEKA



15 VIDEO VOLUMES
The blonde bombshell of Swedish erotica sucks - screws & cums in these classic editions features John Holmes & Johnny Keyes!
ALL 15 VOLS. \$6

KINKY GERMAN SWINGERS



20 VIDEO TITLES
ALL TAPES 30 MIN.
Kinky German Amateurs take cocks, dildos & anything else in asses & pussies alike-lots of forbidden sex acts!
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Full length feature film - ALL NEW!!!
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We've assembled this collection of the hottest & hardest specialty video volumes created for your pleasure just so you can see the great products we have to offer. Each volume is guaranteed to contain the exact stars & action or your money back! Also, this offer comes with no strings attached or further obligations. We're convinced that once you see our great products & prices you'll be one of our valued customers. All models 18 years of age or over, records on file.

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Gentlemen, please send me the videotapes I have indicated below. (circle choice)
001...\$10 005...\$5 009...\$6 013...\$6 017...\$7 021...\$7 025...\$6
002...\$6 006...\$10 010...\$7 014...\$5 018...\$7 022...\$8 026...\$7
003...\$6 007...\$10 011...\$8 015...\$6 019...\$9 023...\$6 027...\$10
004...\$8 008...\$6 012...\$5 016...\$6 020...\$10 024...\$5 028...\$7

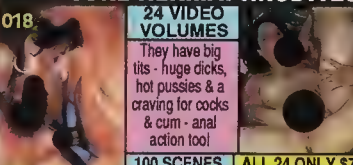
OPTIONAL CHARGES ☐ \$2, 24 hr. Check Processing ☐ \$2, 100% Delivery Insurance
☐ \$2, Rush Service ☐ \$2, Year round Catalog Mailing w/order only

Rush the items indicated I enclose \$ as payment in full, plus P & H and any optional charges, ☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$8 extra P & H. Canadians & International remit in U.S. funds.
Send To: SPECIALTY VIDEO OFFER #2 Dept. E47 P.O. Box 12007, Merrillville, IN 46411

Name _____ City _____
Address/Apt.# _____ State _____ Zip _____ Sign _____ I am over 18 yrs.

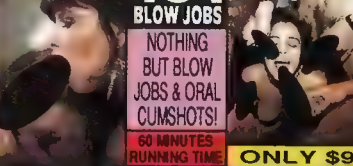
USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER

HARDCORE HERMAPHRODITES



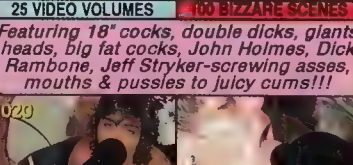
24 VIDEO VOLUMES
They have big tits - huge dicks, hot pussies & a craving for cocks & cum - anal action too!
100 SCENES ALL 24 ONLY \$7

101 BLOW JOBS



NOTHING BUT BLOW JOBS & ORAL CUMSHOTS!
60 MINUTES RUNNING TIME ONLY \$9

GUYS WITH AMAZING COCKS



25 VIDEO VOLUMES 100 BIZZARE SCENES
Featuring 18" cocks, double dicks, giant heads, big fat cocks, John Holmes, Dick Rambone, Jeff Stryker-screwing asses, mouths & pussies to juicy cums!!!
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TERI WEIGEL



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STAR BANGERS



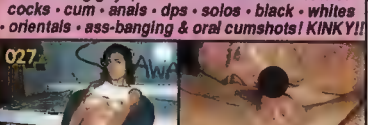
20 Video Volumes ONLY \$5
The hottest star girls suck & screw groups of 6 or more guys - lots of cum & anal action too!
10 VOLUMES \$6

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DOOMSDAY CULTS

The apocalypse has always been a great marketing tool. Christopher Columbus financed his explorations with a prediction about the end of the world. Five hundred years later, doomsday profiteers are lining their pockets. More than ten million Americans believe the world may soon end. Much of what these people do is harmless or amusing (await a spaceship off the California coast, try to build the prophetic fourth temple in Jerusalem), but don't be too quick to laugh. Next month journalist Peter Klebnikov provides an overview of those for whom "Apocalypse now!" is a rallying cry: "The three most destructive cults in recent history—Jim Jones's Jonestown, David Koresh's Branch Davidians, and Aum-Shinrikyo in Japan—were all doomsday cults," Klebnikov writes. "With their message finding acceptance, sects are becoming more brazen, and experts say our legal system is ill equipped to deal with them."

FOOT-SUCKING

First there were the feet of Sarah Ferguson, Duchess of York. Who can forget those photos of her American "financial adviser" sucking the royal toes? Then came the revelation that Dick Morris, President Clinton's former political guru, doted on prostitute Sherry Rowland's pedal appendages, which he provided with daily tongue baths at a hotel around the corner from the White House. "Such events," says Ralph Gardner, Jr., our Unrepentant Voyeur, "have given feet in general, and foot-sucking in particular, a kind of legitimacy. As a young actress I know told me, 'It's an incredible erogenous zone.'" Next month Gardner reports on this sexual phenomenon, which is, as he puts it, "quickly gaining a foothold, if you'll excuse the expression, as a much-practiced form of foreplay."



THE IRON MAN OF NASCAR RACING

Stock cars have always been huge in the South; they owe their existence to the post-Prohibition moonshine runners, who met on weekends to determine who had the fastest whiskey-hauler. When stock-car racing exploded into the living rooms of cable America in the eighties, untold fame awaited the driver who could win the most races, execute the most thrilling passes, and capture the hearts of an enthralled nation. That driver turned out to be Dale Earnhardt, a seven-time champion of the NASCAR Winston Cup series, the sport's major league. Next month Mark "Bones" Bourcier profiles the man *Forbes* magazine calls "the Michael Jordan of car racing."

CHEATERS NEVER LOSE

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